THE BLUE QUILL

DECEMBER 1953

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QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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QUEENS APPROVED BY A.A.U.W.

Announcement Made Founders' Day

During the Founders' Day program in Belk Chapel on ovember 20, Mr. H. H. Everett, acting president of ueens College, announced to the student body, faculty, d alumnae that he had received the following telegram: am very happy to inform you that the Board of Directors the American Association of University Women voted sterday to place the name of your institution on its proved list." The message was signed by Dr. Dorothy oodward, chairman of the Committee on Standards and cognitions.

Those degrees which were approved for membership by e Association are the A.B. in all fields, and the B.S. in mentary education, home economics, laboratory tech- logy, business administration, secretarial administration, d nursing.

The purpose of the organization, as found in the by-laws its constitution, is "to unite the alumnae of the American sociation of University Women approved colleges and iversities for practical educational work, to concentrate d increase their influence in the community for the solu- n of social and civic problems, to participate in the devel- ments and promotion of the policies and programs of the American Association of University Women, to contribute to its growth and influence, and to co-operate in its state and regional work."

All graduates, past as well as future, who hold approved degrees regardless of the date on which the degree was conferred are eligible for membership in the organization. Those who have completed two full years of non-professional work toward a degree and who did not graduate are eligible for associate membership.

Queens was studied and reported upon by Dr. Anna Oursler, professor of foreign languages, Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, Stillwater, Oklahoma. Dr. Oursler is a member of the committee on Standards and Recognition of Colleges and Universities. She visited the Queens campus October 25 and 26. During her visit she met with the administrators of the college, the Health committee, and the president of the student body, Barbara Edwards. She was also entertained at a tea at which time she met the faculty and alumnae officers of the college.

Miss Sarah Nooe headed the group at Queens which negotiated with the Association.

MISS NOOE — *World Traveler*

Anyone who has taken a biology field trip with Miss Sara Nooe knows of the wealth of material with which the biology professor is familiar. There is little in the field of natural sciences that has escaped her notice, but one will not find her averse to learning still more. The freshmen who feel that Miss Nooe expects a great deal from them for the brief time they have to study must recognize that she is herself a most conscientious student.

Miss Nooe first came to Queens in the fall of 1934. She decided when she was still very young that she wanted to teach, and science has always been her chosen field. She had an aunt who was a teacher in Charlotte for many years and who used to visit her often. This aunt Miss Nooe sought to emulate. Both Miss Nooe and her sister planned to be teachers, and they studied different subjects so that they might (as they sincerely hoped) teach at the same school. Unfortunately, this has never worked out.

It was the same aunt who first inspired Miss Nooe with a love for travel. She had attended the world-famous Passion Plays at Oberammergau in Germany, and when Miss Nooe was but ten years old, she determined to go herself to Europe. In 1930 this plan was fulfilled.

Her first trip far afield, however, came in the year 1929, when she went with her sister and two college friends to Alaska. They took the long way around—by boat out of New York south to the Caribbean, stopping in Cuba, and then going through the Panama Canal. Miss Nooe was surprised to find the Isthmus so very mountainous, a fact which makes even more impressive the tremendous feat of the canal's construction. By staying on the boat (some crossed by train on a route parallel to the canal), they could watch the intricacies of the lock systems. On the west coast of the United States they stopped first at San Diego, then at Los Angeles and at San Francisco. Here and farther north at Seattle, Washington, they were impressed with the beautiful flowers. (Flowers are Miss Nooe's first love, and we are indebted to her for the many lovely gardens on our campus.)

The group then sailed north from Vancouver, the largest city in western Canada. From here on they saw only wild and sparsely settled country. Indian

villages where they stopped were small and far apart; the Indian's only contact with civilization was through these boats. As they passed a glacier which projected into the sea, the captain blew the ship's whistle to loosen some ice. At Scagway, their destination, Miss Nooe was most impressed by the great heat of the sun, even that far north, and by the size and number of mosquitoes! The group saw salmon fighting upstream to the place of their birth to spawn. The days in summer are excessively long, and this, combined with a fertile topsoil, contributes to a remarkable vegetable growth despite the short growing season.

They came back overland by train, first landing at the city of Victoria, stopping at Yellowstone Park, going from Chicago to Niagara Falls, and thence back to New York.

Miss Nooe's sister had studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, and it was under her tutelage that Miss Nooe toured Europe the next summer. Together, they travelled the whole length of England and visited famous landmarks around London which are steeped in history. On the Continent they went into Germany to attend that play which had been their object. Of greatest interest to them throughout Europe were the many architectural relics of medieval culture.

Miss Nooe remembers the beauty of the limestone mountains of the Dolomites, seen on crossing through historic Brenner Pass, between Austria and Italy. In Venice, Florence, and at Rome, of course, of primary interest was th evidence of Renaissance art. They als saw Switzerland and France. The deliberately traveled with native guide apart from American tourists. Mis Nooe's sister was a good mediator wit the French-speaking people, and Mis Nooe contributed her understanding o German.

Miss Nooe speaks with much en thusiasm about wanting to see Sout America and of crossing to Norway an Sweden. And she extended her know edge of the United States last summe by a trip to Texas and New Orleans.

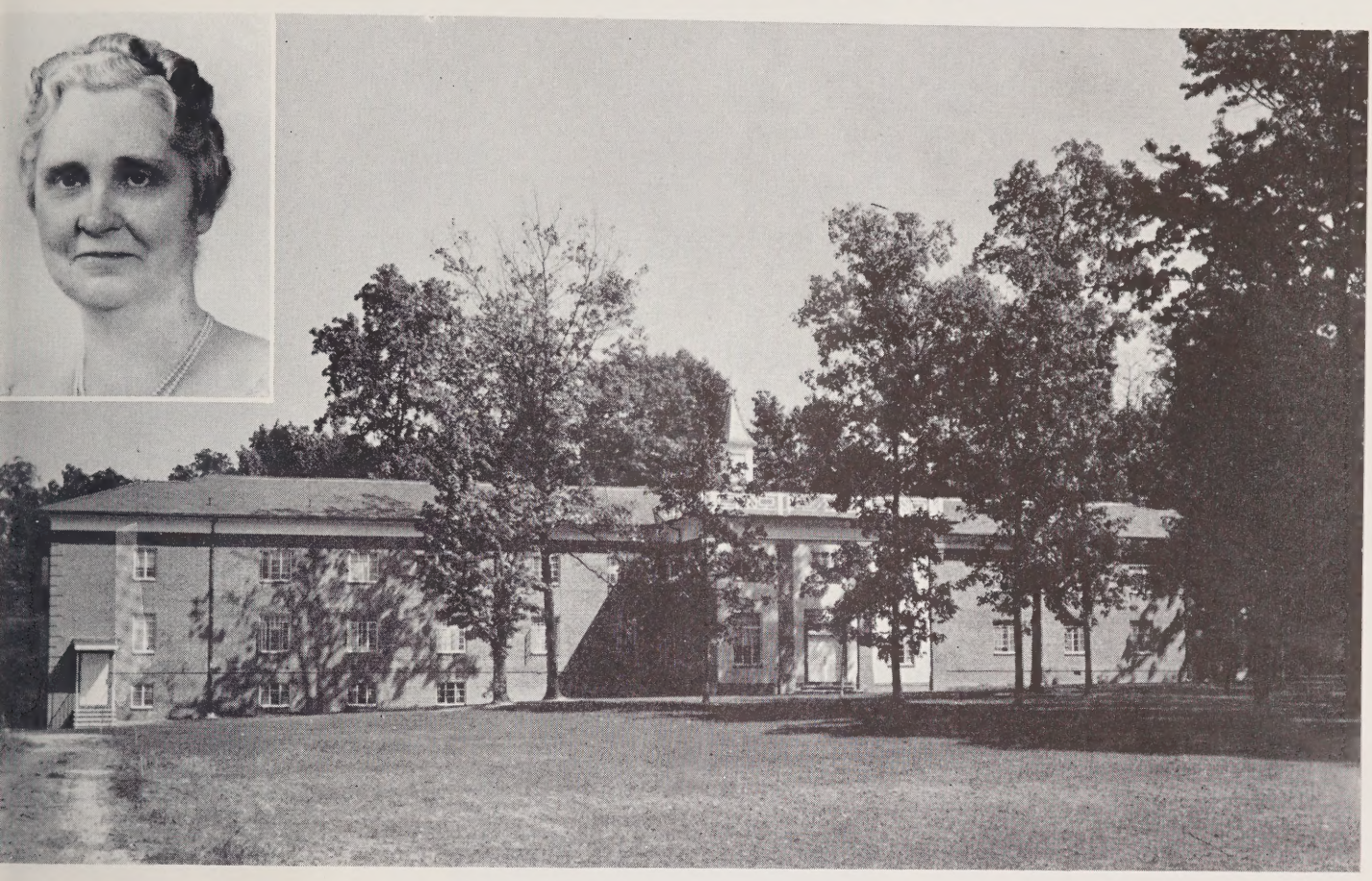
In spite of such wanderlust, howeve Miss Nooe does have strong local inte ests. Students have seen evidence o her great love of birds. Queens campu is blessed with trees which harbor greater variety of birds than Queen students would imagine. While Mi Nooe discredits her ability to recogniz birds in the field without her fiel glasses, there is no denying her remar able talent for identifying the birds b their calls. She is an active member o the Carolina Bird Club and of th National Audubon Society, the loc chapter of which meets regularly i the Science Building.

Miss Nooe's biology lab is in th recently added wing of the Scien Building. The basement used to co tain the school's heating plant; an when the workers were digging out th foundations for the new wing they un earthed a great deal of long-stored co When Miss Nooe first taught at Queen she was sandwiched between the chem istry and cooking labs on the secon floor. She was repulsed by the smells o one side, she says, and tempted sample the products of the other.

Miss Nooe received her undergrad ate training at Meredith College in R leigh. She later pursued graduate studi at Columbia University and has don further work at the University of Vi ginia Biological Station at Mounta Lake, at Furman University's camp Brevard, and at Greensboro at th Woman's College of the University North Carolina. She wishes that sh could study still further, this time Boulder, Colorado. More in the inte est of her hobbies, botany and birds, sh attended an early spring session of th Audubon Camp located on an island o the coast of Maine.

(Continued on page 16)

Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall To Be Dedicated



January 8, 1954 at noon has been designated as the date or the dedication of the Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall. he dormitory is a gift in honor of Mrs. Belk by five of er children—Irwin, Henderson, John, Thomas, and Mrs. harles Gambrell. Mrs. Belk is a graduate of Queens and a former president of the Alumnae Association.

The dormitory is a two-story brick structure and has a asement containing space for trunk storage, the plant ngineer's office, and two large classrooms. The building has a stucco facade and a slate roof and contains forty-five bedrooms for two girls, a few single rooms, rooms for a counselor, bath units, and facilities for drying and ironing clothes. The rooms, having fluorescent lighting, have birchwood furniture of modern design. Each double room contains two Hollywood beds, a double dresser with mirror, a double desk with book cases, and all steel closets with sliding doors and storage space.

—B. C.

CLUB SPONSORS SCHOLARSHIP

The Faculty Wives' Club began as a friendly group of e wives of faculty members and administrators of Queens. hey gathered together on various occasions for friendly llowship. About three years ago one of the group sug- sted that they organize a club which would do something eful. Thus the club was formed and it immediately began ork on a scholarship fund. Some of their money-raising ojects were rummage sales, a spaghetti dinner, and the le of Christmas cards.

After two years of work the faculty wives had enough oney to begin giving a scholarship. The scholarship was med the Loma Squires Scholarship in honor of the dietitian at Queens, in recognition of the many years of service that Miss Squires has given to Queens and of the many contributions that she has made to the campus. This year the scholarship was given to Darien George of Anderson, S. C.

The Faculty Wives' Club has fifteen members. Mrs. Earl Berg is president, and Mrs. A. L. Pickens is secretary-treasurer. The club sold Christmas cards again this year. It has had one rummage sale this year and plans to have more. The Queens students should give their support to this group, which is helping to build "A Greater Queens."

—A. B.

What The Faculty Does With Leisure Time

It is interesting to see how the faculty members use the time that they have left over from their teaching duties. Many of them have a number of outside interests.

Several of the professors are interested in one or another type of gardening. Dr. Chewning specializes in tomatoes; but he also grows string beans and okra, which he says is almost the finest vegetable known to man. Mrs. Moseley grows violets, and she likes to cook. Dr. Abernathy is also interested in gardening as well as in music and a collection of rare books. When Miss Mitchell has any time left over from watching over the new gymnasium, she enjoys growing shrubbery. Dean Sweet says that next to spending time with his children he likes gardening and working around the house. Mrs. West declares that her children are her vocation and that teaching is her first hobby and gardening her second. Dr. McEwen enjoys growing roses and plants in a cold frame. She also loves to cook dainties for Queens girls. The rose specialist of the faculty, however, is Dr. Carson. He has eighty-seven rose bushes around his home, and he enjoys giving the blossoms to friends on campus.

Dr. Snyder's hobby became his job. He used to teach English, but he became so interested in drama that he switched to teaching it. Mrs. Gebhardt paints portraits and sews. Dr. Spencer spends a great deal of time with his five Siamese cats. Dr. Green likes to repair things around the house.

Several professors enjoy traveling. Miss Schickedantz loves to explore in her car and take color pictures. She has traveled a great deal in the United States and Mexico. Mr. Berg enjoys taking trips with his family, corresponding with other musicians, and playing chamber music. Miss Tarlton is also widely traveled. She has spent time in Canada, South America, the Caribbean, Europe, the Holy Land, and the Near East. She recently bought a house with Mrs. Good, however, and that takes up most of her time now. Mr. Nickols too has spent some time in Cuba and Europe. He specializes in South American history and enjoys collecting cultural objects with a historical significance for South American, Spanish, and Portuguese countries. He also enjoys water sports.

There is one amateur mechanic on the faculty, Mr. Anderson. He also likes sports. Mr. Holliday likes tennis, and his interest has increased since the choir gave him a tennis racket last year. Mr. Sipe plays golf and bridge. Miss Maples enjoys golf, and she composes music and poetry. Mr. Hoyle likes to play chess, bridge, and checkers.

Unsurprisingly, most of Miss Harrell's hobbies are connected with England. She also collects United States and English stamps, old maps, and brass. A great deal of her time is taken up in writing a history of Queens. Miss Sarah Jenkins is another collector. She collects bottles, cookbooks, and ideas on flower arranging. Mr. Storey collects stamps, and he also enjoys working model trains. Miss Richardson collects dolls from the various provinces of France. Mr. Norman is a dedicated collector of opera records. There is a story that he came to Queens just to be near some old records he had traced to the music department here after a complicated search. Many people have seen Mr. Olechovsky's collection of shells in the library. He also collects educational articles from newspapers and magazines and keeps them in scrapbooks. And he enjoys metalwork and other handicrafts.

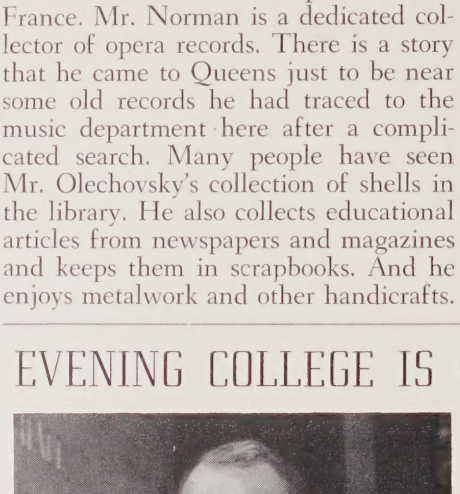
Miss Miscally says she is not a collecto of anything, but she enjoys handicraft golf, and *The New York Times* cros word puzzles.

Miss Hull and Miss Albright say tha Seaview Inn takes up most of the spare time right now. However, Mi Albright also enjoys music and lik fishing. Dr. Wetzler also likes to fis next to spending time with his famil Mrs. Steadman used to be interested i tropical fish, but her main hobby astrology, and she can tell your fortun for you.

Dr. Pickens has two hobbies: termit and bird-pollination. He has traveled the United States and South Ameri pursuing these hobbies. Miss Noe studies birds and is a member of sever bird clubs. She also likes to grow plan to see which ones are edible. She esp cially enjoys cooking mushrooms in di ferent ways. Miss Tillett also likes cook, and is noted for her cheese b cuits. She collects demitasse cups an saucers. Miss Taylor, who is anoth cook, enjoys church work and spectat sports, especially the World Series.

—S.

EVENING COLLEGE IS GROWING ENTERPRISE



Mr. Pugh

Queens Evening College, under the direction of David B. Pugh, is an organization which is rapidly expanding in scope and importance. Organized as a community service project, its purpose is to aid and educate employed adults in a thirty-mile radius of Charlotte who college careers were interrupted or nev begun, or who need special instructi in some phase of their business career. With one course in the gre books as a forerunner, the eveni school actually opened in the fall 1952 with an enrollment of 122 m and women. Now in its third year t college has grown to an enrollment 299, is a member of the Association University Evening Colleges, and offe both college credit and special cours

The variety of fields in which instru tion is offered is an outstanding aspe of the night school. Most popular a the academic or cultural courses, cred from which are transferable to oth colleges in satisfaction of degree r quirements. These courses, which c also be audited, include sections English, history, mathematics, the fi arts, Bible, psychology, sociology, f eign language, speech, and some bu ness courses. The credit classes meet tw nights a week for an hour and fifte minutes each time, and are taught members of the Queens faculty.

(Continued on page 14)

Christmas at Queens . . . 1953

On December 17 the students of Queens College will celebrate the nineteenth annual Boar's Head Dinner. This celebration had its origin in early England, and was first observed at Queens in 1934 when Miss Alma Edwards was Dean of Students. Participating in the 1953 Boar's Head Procession will be: Nancy Irwin, Boar's Head Bearer; Barbara Edwards, Reader; Marthann Coleman, Candlestick Bearer; Davy-Jo Stribling and Anne Stuart, Trumpeters.

The ceremony's history dates from the pre-Christian era when the Druids slew a boar during the winter solstice and presented its head with rites of sacrifice to Freya, the goddess of peace and plenty. In medieval days the Christmas feasts were begun with the bringing in of the boar's head, which was usually the main course of the meal. The chief cook, preceded by musicians and candle-bearers, brought in the roasted boar's head, which was adorned with rosemary and laurel, and had either an apple or a lemon in its mouth.

Many schools and universities have adhered to the boar's head tradition; but probably the most famous for its retention of the feast is Queens College, Oxford. This institution has used for five hundred years the same procedure. A boar's head weighing about ten pounds and embellished with a cross, small banners, and garlands of rosemary, laurel, and mistletoe is brought into the dining hall; three bearers, announced by trumpets, bring it in on a tray. A procession of the Provost and the Fellows is prior to the entry of the boar's head. As the procession enters the hall, the students rise and sing a carol: "Bryngyng in the Boar's Head," the words of which are:

"Caput apris deferro
Reddens laudes Domino
The boar's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio.
The boar's head I understand
Is the chefe servyce in this lande
Loke wherer it be fande
Servite cum cantico.
Be gladde, lords, both more and lesse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To cheer you all this Christmasse,
The boar's head with mustarde."

An ancient legend explains the institution of the boar's head ceremony. Approximately five hundred years ago a student of Queens College, Oxford, wandering over Shotover Hill in deep contemplation, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The student in self-defense thrust his book of the works of the great philosopher Aristotle down the boar's throat. The boar choked, and his head was carried triumphantly back to the college by the student.

The old custom was celebrated by Queen Victoria, who ordered that her Christmas dinner begin with the bringing in of the boar's head, performed with the solemnity of the ancient ceremony.

At Queens the ceremony is traditionally held on the night before the college closes for Christmas vacation.

Following the Boar's Head, the Queens Christian Association will present a Christmas meditation in Belk Chapel, and this will be followed by the annual Burwell Christmas tree for the college servants.

The annual White-Gift ceremony will be held on Tuesday, December 14, during chapel. Gifts of food wrapped in white will be carried by the students to the front of the chapel. These gifts of food are given to needy families in Charlotte. This program is sponsored by the Queens Christian Association and by Pan-Hellenic Council.

Christmas Vespers will be held December 13 at 5:00 P.M. in Belk Chapel. The program is sponsored by the Queens Christian Association. After the prelude, the processional by the choir will open the program. The choir will present the following selections: "While Shepherds Watched Their Sheep," arranged by Jungst; "A Southern Carol," soloist, Nancy Payne; "Sicut Rosa" by Lassus; "O Morning Star, How Bright and Fair" by Bach; "Sing the Birth of God's Dear Son" by Bach; "Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus" by Geueart, soloist, Mrs. Elaine Sipe; "Psalm 111," arranged by Pitcher; and "A Christmas Motet—There Is No Rose" by Breydert.

The congregation will sing the traditional Christmas hymns, and the Christmas story will be read.

—M. C.

FOUNDERS' DAY CELEBRATED

The annual Founders' Day celebration, which is sponsored by the Alumnae Association, was held at Queens on November 20 in Belk Chapel.

Hanson Baldwin, military editor of the *New York Times*, spoke to an audience of students, faculty, and alumnae in Belk Chapel at noon. A graduate of Annapolis, Mr. Baldwin won the Pulitzer Prize in 1942 for a series of outstanding articles on the battle areas of the South Pacific. He is the author of eight books, a frequent guest on radio discussion programs, and a popular lecturer.

Mrs. David W. Hicks, president of the Alumnae Association, presided over the program in Belk Chapel and the faculty attended in academic dress. A luncheon, sponsored by the Charlotte Chapter alumnae, followed the program in the chapel.

Jenny—Another Tradition

For twenty-five years Jenny Middleton was the human switchboard for Queens College. Now well up in her eighties, Jenny lives at 2220 Sanders Street in the neighborhood of Johnson C. Smith University. Although Jenny worked for the college from 1912-1937, she has not been forgotten by the students of Queens; and they recognize the bravery of her rather solitary life by giving food and some money to her each year at Thanksgiving time. For many years Jenny took pleasure in bringing flowers to Queens College and recalling the days when the campus had only one telephone (today there are twenty-nine). She ran out in the rain to find girls to talk to their beaus, signed for packages, and did all kinds of things to coordinate daily happenings of the college campus.

Jenny has much dignity and a splendid education for a person of her day. Miss Harrell can recall one of her famous expressions in which she forecast the weather by saying, "The weather will change when a cloud moves west in the atmosphere or when an eclipse occurs." Jenny has a great deal of charm and a very close interest in the Queens student body, and she prays for the college. As long as she lives, Queens will be interested in her.

Because Jenny is unselfish, she wishes to be of service to others. Human relations and high ideals seem important to her. She loves the contact of humanity and the feeling that she has contributed to the welfare of Queens College.

—E. G.

Patrons Group To Be Enlarged

Mr. J. W. Thomson, assistant to the president, has announced that plans have been made to enlarge the patrons group of Queens College. The late Dr. Charlton C. Jernigan established the group in the summer of 1952; the group is composed for the main part of people of North and South Carolina. The Board of Trustees is implementing his idea with each member seeking to secure patrons from his community.

To become patrons friends of Queens make yearly gifts of a hundred dollars or more. The plan is yearly and yet continues without obligation. These patrons provided approximately $6,500 last year. Mr. Thomson expressed the hope that this year the fund would reach $10,000 which would be an equivalent of an income on approximately $300,000. These funds are used for current operational expenses.

Mr. Thomson stated that a dinner is being planned for all patrons. At this time the facts about the current operations and plans for the future of the college will be presented.

—B. C.

TWO NEW SCHOLARSHIPS GIVEN TO QUEENS

Mr. J. W. Thompson, finance officer, has announced the gift of two new scholarships, and is working on other scholarships which will be available in the future. The first of these is that given by Mr. W. Carey Dowd, Jr., who was a good friend of Queens for many years and a close advise to Dr. Blakely, former president of Queens. Mr. Dowd lef in his will a five thousand dollar bequest to Queens College In order to perpetuate his memory, the Executive Committe established the W. C. Dowd, Jr., Scholarship. Mr. Dow was the publisher of the *Charlotte News* until a few year ago and also made similar bequests to Myers Park Baptis Church, Wake Forest, and the University of North Caro lina.

The second scholarship is that of Mrs. Emma Lillia Keigwin of Washington, D. C., who made a bequest t Queens College of which thirty-five hundred dollars ha been received. The Executive Committee, realizing the nee for additional scholarships, established the Emma Lillia Keigwin Scholarship to be available next September. In th disposition of her estate she included other bequests t church schools and organizations.

—E. T.

FORMER COLLEGE STAFF MEMBER DIES

Mrs. Rosa Mercer, former staff member of Queens Co lege, died October 2 at the home of her daughter i Clinton, North Carolina.

Mrs. Mercer was a staff member of Queens for twent years. During this time she served the College as dietitia housekeeper, hostess, and housemother in the freshma dormitory. Through her services she will be remembered b the many alumnae who knew her. Mrs. Mercer's daughte Mrs. Robinson (Rosa Mercer '34), and her granddaughte Mrs. Thomas M. Holder (Kathryn Robinson '48), are bot alumnae of Queens.

Surviving Mrs. Mercer are: Mrs. Robinson; anoth daughter, Mrs. E. H. Marrow, Tarboro, N. C.; one so W. R. Mercer, Charlotte; and three sisters: Mrs. Jon Dilda, Fountain, N. C.; Miss Leona Moore and Miss Su Moore, both of Robersonville, N. C.

—G. D.

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Literary Critic To Lecture

Dr. Prokosch

On February 26 at noon in Ninniss uditorium, Dr. Frederic Prokosch, in-rnationally known author and traveler, ill lecture. Mr. Prokosch was born in Iadison, Wisconsin, of Southern Ger-an parents. His father was a well-nown educator and textbook author; is mother was a noted concert pianist European music circles.

Dr. Prokosch began his education in convent school at the age of four and ter attended schools in Munich, Vien-a, and France. He was graduated from averford College at the age of eigh-en as a member of Phi Beta Kappa. e also received the M.A. degree from averford. He attended Cambridge niversity in England and later re-rned to this country to receive his h.D. degree from Yale University. He ught at Yale University for two years d at New York University for several ears.

During World War II, Mr. Prokosch eld an important position with the WI. Later he was attached to the merican legation in Stockholm.

Dr. Prokosch has distinguished him-lf in the field of literature. The *Lon-n Times* literary critic describes his riting as "surpassed by that of no ntemporary." His first novel was a st seller and was translated into four-en languages. Subsequent books have creased his fame. The poems of Mr. rokosch are equally well known and ppear in such leading magazines as *arper's, Virginia Quarterly Review, London Spectator, Century, Bookman,* and *Poetry*. He has also written prose for *Story Magazine* and *Esquire*.

He has received many awards for his outstanding literary work. Among these are a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Harper Prize Novel Award, a Fulbright Scholarship, and the Harriet Monroe Poetry Award.

Mr. Prokosch has distinguished himself not only in the field of literature, but also in the field of education, as a member of the State Department, and as secretary for a UNESCO conference which prepared an international document on "The Freedom of the Artist." He has lectured extensively abroad, giving an entire series of lectures on American culture in the European capitals of Stockholm, Rome, Paris, and London. Returning from Europe, Mr. Prokosch published his most recent novel entitled *Water Music,* a story showing the contrast between American and European culture.

Other books written by Mr. Prokosch are *The Asiatics, Age of Thunder, The Conspirators, Death at Sea, The Skies of Europe, The Assassins, The Carnival, Night of the Poor, Seven Who Fled, Idols of the Case,* and *Storm and Echo.*

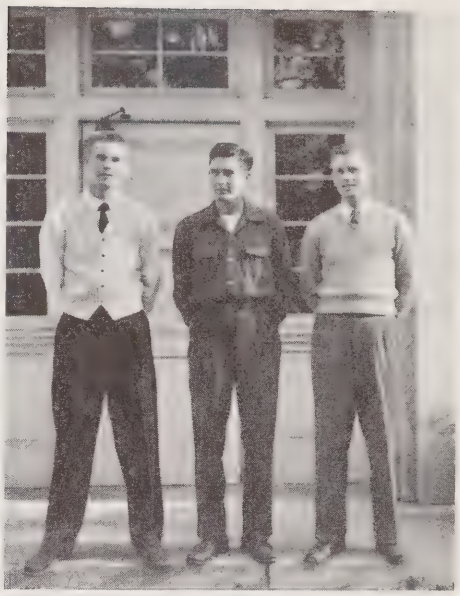
—I. W.

I R C Reorganized

The International Relations Club has recently been reorganized on the Queens College campus. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Leeds Cushman, president; Ara Brown, vice-president; Cynthia Blue, secretary. The meetings will be held every other Tuesday at 7:00 P.M. in the Day Student Building. Dr. P. J. Green and Mr. Lawrence Nichols are co-operating with this group.

The purpose of the International Relations Club is to promote interest in and to develop better understanding of current events and local affairs. The club plans to sponsor speakers from the city and campus and to develop forums among club members. Not restricted to history majors, the membership is open to anyone who in interested.

—B. C.



CO-EDUCATION AT QUEENS

Queens girls are quite accustomed to seeing male students around the campus today. But there was a time not too long ago when there were no co-eds at Queens College. Men students began appearing on the campus in 1947.

Coit Eugene Auten, who graduated in 1948, was the first to brave the feminine surroundings. He continued his study at New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary, and he is now a minister in Bostic, N. C. Richard Kimbrough joined the ranks in 1949. He was awarded an A.B. degree in English. Seven co-eds graduated in 1950, receiving degrees in secretarial administration, accounting, and biology.

Queens College was officially made co-educational on a day-student basis in the year 1951, but no co-eds graduated that year.

Four 1952 male graduates obtained degrees; their major studies included organ, chemistry, and religion. Last year's five graduates majored in Bible, sociology, business administration, psychology, and history. This number brings the total of men students graduating from Queens to eighteen

John William Gettys, however, was the first male student to attend Queens for the entire four years of undergraduate work. He finished in 1952 and was the first co-ed to receive a degree in music. At the present time he is in the Army, but he plans to do graduate work in library science at Emory University or the University of North Carolina.

(Continued on page 14)

A HOP AHEAD WITH HECTOR

Have you ever sat on the millstone in front of the Evening College office? It's more fun! You get to see all sorts of things—and hear things, too. Well, while I'm sitting here letting my ears soak up some sun, I'll tell you of some events and people I have observed. Seems like all I've heard lately is the complaints of practice teachers and other students who come out of Dr. Wetzler's office. I overheard Betty Hunter tell Betty Lipe that she absolutely had too much to do. Betty said she needed a forty-eight-hour day. Speaking of having a lot to do—I've been wondering where Faye Gottlieb finds time to work on the herb garden around the millstone.

Myriads (a word I learned from "the good Doctor") of small things have happened this year, but nothing too spectacular. Now that week end some of the faculty members took at the beach was really a knock-out. Of course, the students on campus had a good time that week end, but I'm sworn to secrecy by them on that score. Mrs. Kellog seemed to enjoy picking up sea shells. I wonder if she gave Mr. Olechovsky any. His present interest, however, seems to be acorns and pine cones.

Did you know that Mr. Everett went to Mississippi on a fishing trip and caught nineteen varieties of fish? You know, I really like that man and the students do, too. He's shaken my paw, now. I really like his office, also. I almost got lost in there last week, but Mrs. Rudisill got me out. Speaking of secretaries, it's good to have Gracie Kirkpatrick back in the Public Relations office. I wonder if she's had journalism. I went with that class the other day down to the *Charlotte News*. They had a good time, but I almost got my ears caught in the presses, and I got printer's ink on my tail.

Have you been in the new dorm? I got a ride over last week on Mrs. West's books, and that's really a show-place. I went to sleep on the lounge rug, but Miss Henderson's getting on to the girls about toothbrushes and soap woke me up. I like the classrooms in the basement of Belk, also. I'm really going to have a good time in the new gym when it is completed. It'll be fun sliding on the basketball courts and washing my ears in the pool. I couldn't resist leaving my paw print in the cement when I was there. Some of the high school students went down to see it on Hospitality Week End, and Miss Mitchell went into ecstacies showing them through. She likes the apple green ceiling over the pool.

I just saw Mary McLaney cross the campus. I wonder if she's still mad about someone's ruining her toothbrush. Mary thinks I did it, but I know some freshman was getting revenge. I'm afraid to go into McLaney's room because Mary Bradley stays there a lot, and I hear that she has a bone to pick with me. The only hard thing is she doesn't know me when she sees me. I'm invisible, you know!

I surely do miss Margaret, the girl I lived with last year. Mrs. Potts told me that she saw Margaret, who was in excellent spirits. Laura Ann showed me Margaret's picture in the paper. I wish I could write so I could write her a letter. I would write Charles and Jerry, too. Mrs. Rudisill keeps me up to date on them. I'm glad they like Greensboro. They live at 3415 Dogwood Street. That reminds me of the faculty children's Saturday afternoon workshops. They've had a good time so far making Christmas things. I went to the first session, but I got caught in some glue so I decided to let Amanda work with them thereafter. By the faculty children's getting together their mothers are free to have a Faculty Wives' meeting to discuss their Christmas card sale. I wanted to buy me some, but I saved my money for November 18's surprise and for Morrison Dorm's United Appeal campaign. (South won, however.)

I had a good time Thanksgiving Day. I felt sorry for those who had to study for tests on Friday. It was so close to Christmas, they didn't need to go home anyway. I think the students needed a holiday to recover from Stunt Night. Wow, that senior stunt and that freshman can-can. I'm really proud of the freshmen. They have grand grades this year. I went in South last week and overheard one freshman telling her roommate the story of the Trojan War. It's a good story if you want to sit that long and listen.

I wish my Queens jacket would come because my family will want to see it Christmas. (Blue doesn't look too good on me, however.) Maybe I can wear it to the party the senior sponsor is giving the class. I needed it to wear to the Davidson Sigma Upsilon meeting when the Queens chapter read to their chapter. I don't blame our girls for wanting to have them over for a meeting.

I've gained weight during the last few weeks. I ate so much at the Cookie Carrousel that I could hardly hop away from the day student building. You know, those day students are really on the ball. They made $70 that night. That'll go a long way to fix up the day student building. I gained more weight Thanksgiving. I'm sure no school feeds like Queens. Just think, turkey and all the trimmings for nothing. I'm gaining weight now from nibbling on banana bread, cookies, and candy the girls in Morrison and South are getting from home. I'll lose all this weight second semester when I go with Laura Ann to practice teach. I hear that today's generation in school is quite a problem.

Well, this millstone is getting cold, and I must see my goldfish friends and Daisy before supper. Maybe I can talk with Mr. Storey and get some news of coming events. The "Towncrier" is no good to me anymore. She's too occupied with being a senior.

Tappings Are Held

Alpha Kappa Gamma and Valkyrie, honorary leadership societies at Queens, held their tapping ceremonies this fall.

Alpha Kappa Gamma, the national honorary leadership fraternity, is made up of thirteen campus leaders. Newly tapped are Nancy Irwin, Pats Powell, and Davy-Jo Stribling, seniors; and Jackie Jetton, Pat Laird, and Caroline Love, juniors. Old members are Patsy Harmon, Grace Hager, Carol Stockner, Betty Lipe, Barbara Edwards, Doris Searcy, and Jackie Johnson.

Valkyrie is an honorary organization for students of the sophomore class and is made up of six members who have proved themselves outstanding leaders and citizens of the campus during their freshman year. Those sophomores who received this honor are Jean Hubbard, Barbara Palmore, Peggy Brice, Libby Gunn, Irene Williams, and Betty Singleton. The outgoing Valkyries are Caroline Love, Mary McLaney, Ann Currie, and Pat Laird.

The other two honorary organizations at Queens, Sigma Mu and Sigma Upsilon, will hold their tapping ceremonies in the spring. The members of the former are selected from scholastic achievement; membership in the latter is based on the ability to write.

Flags Presented To Queens

Two new flags, an American flag and a United Nations flag, have recently been presented to the Queens College student body.

The Home Economics Club presented the United Nations flag to the student body on October 22. Mr. H. H. Everett accepted the flag from the president of the club, Mrs. Dorothy Hinson. This presentation was part of an observance of United Nations day when Dr. C. Stacey Woods, general secretary of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship was the guest speaker.

Mr. Harry Kossove presented an American flag to Queens in memory of his son, Joseph Norman Kossove. This flag was also used in the United Nations day ceremony.

SEVEN CHOSEN FOR WHO'S WHO

Cushman Johnson Edwards Lipe Harmon Stockner Hinson

The seniors pictured above have been selected by a committee of faculty and students on the basis of scholarship, character, citizenship, and leadership to represent Queens College in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges.*

The first of these is Leeds Cushman, Little Compton, R. I., who transferred to Queens from Rhode Island School of Design, is chairman of the Lecture Committee, parliamentarian for Co-ordinating Council, and president of the International Relations Club. She maintains a Dean's List average.

Barbara Edwards, Decatur, Ill., served as a member of Day Student Council and as treasurer of her class her freshman year. She was a class officer, president of Valkyrie, and chairman of the social committee her sophomore year. During her junior year Barbara was president of the Phi Mu Sorority and a member of Boarding Student Council. Although she is president of the Student Government this year, Barbara finds time to participate in the activities of Alpha Kappa Gamma, Sigma Upsilon, Pan-Hellenic Council, and Queens Players. Barbara is also on Dean's List.

Patsy Harmon, Charlotte, president of Day Student Council, served on Day Student Council her sophomore and junior years. She was day student vice-president of the Queens Christian Association her junior year. She is a member of Sigma Mu and Alpha Kappa Gamma and also is on Dean's List.

Mrs. Dorothy Hinson, Charlotte, is chief marshal of the senior class, president of the Home Economics Club, president of Sigma Mu, and vice-president of the senior class, and is a Dean's List student.

Jackie Johnson, Dunn, N. C., who was president of Panhellenic Council her junior year, is a member of Alpha Kappa Gamma, has served as a student counselor, and has been a member of the *Coronet* advertising staff.

Betty Lipe, Landis, N. C., president of Boarding Student Council, served as a freshman class officer. She has been a member of Boarding Student Council for four years. She is a member of Valkyrie, Alpha Kappa Gamma, and Sigma Mu. She was president of the Chi Omega sorority last year and was recently elected May Queen. She is a senior marshal and is on Dean's List.

Carol Stockner, Welch, W. Va., is president of Belk dormitory and president of Alpha Kappa Gamma. She is also student manager of the college choir. Carol has served as literary editor of the *Blue Quill* and as chairman of the Constitutional Revision Committee. She is also a member of the Queens Players and of Sigma Upsilon.

As We See It

Grades

In each of the four times a year that grades are sent out to students at Queens College, there are two types of questions asked. Although many students are unaware of the implications in the questions, they are perhaps more indicative of the prevailing attitudes toward grades than anything else. The questions are these: "What did you make?"; and "What did Professor X give you?"

"What did you make?" This question asked of one student by another implies a state of perfection in the college—a state in which all is fair and honest on both the students' and the professors' parts. It implies that the student's grade is an accurate record of his work. It suggests that there was no distribution of grades in a class according to a certain number of A's, B's, C's, and so on. It means that the student was not wronged by the professor. He neither received a lower grade than he should have, nor was the worth of his work overestimated by the professor. The student was neither the underdog nor the teacher's pet. The question implies that the student received the grade which he earned.

"What did Professor X give you?" This question implies the exact opposite of the first. It suggests that the professor distributed grades according to a certain ratio. It means that the professor either gave a grade lower than the student deserved, or he gave the student a grade higher than he deserved. It implies that the student did not receive what he actually earned.

Perhaps these assumptions on the implications of the questions could be termed extreme. However, these two attitudes and/or conditions do exist and the queries are indicative of them.

—M. C.

In All Arts Good or Master of One?

The average college student must decide for himself whether during his college days he will endeavor to excel in one phase of his college work or whether he will devote a part of his time to outside activities. He must consider whether it is more important for him individually to become master of his individual field or to become a fairly good student in all his courses and whether he should devote his energies primarily to the achieving of excellent grades in his academic work or to the development of leadership qualities and to personality growth through extra-curricular activities. He must decide whether he has come to college to seek first of all a knowledge of specific subject matter or whether to develop further his personality and interests.

In this day of keen competition the individual must be a master of his field in order to achieve advancement. One method of measuring the development of the individual in his course of study is through tests and the consequent grades. Of course, the grade should not be the goal for which he works, but rather the outcome of a growth toward the goal, the search for truth and knowledge. Certainly, the prime function of a college is to give to its students a good background of knowledge as a spring board to life at its best and to additional learning and enjoyment after college.

On the other hand, many employers today are searching for the person who has a broad knowledge of many fields. Other employers feel that a well-rounded personality and leadership qualities are necessary factors in the individual employed. Furthermore, these qualities are often beneficial to the personal life of the individual in the home, in social life, and in the community. Thus, the college student must clarify his purpose for coming to college; he must decide on the relative importance of being outstanding in his studies, in leadership, or in activities such as athletics, social interests, and clubs.

—B. C.

Our Honor System Analyzed

Does the honor system really work at Queens College? An unqualified "yes" or "no" is not in order. It is true that the basis of an honor system is the desire within a group to do what is honorable or worthy of esteem, and that such a system is the best means to that end. It is true also that an established regimen conformed to by the group is generally accepted as being in use, in force, or in effect.

There are, however, three distinct drawbacks to the system as it stands at Queens. The first drawback is the obligatory signing of an honor pledge in a pressurized meeting. A signed honor pledge is required with registration, is it not? Why, therefore, is it necessary to have a compulsory meeting at which an emotional appeal is made to re-sign the same pledge? Surely any student who has made up his mind to cheat his way into a cap and gown is not above signing two little cards. Thus, as a superficial conformist the cheating student is free to adopt the expedient at all times, to use any means, including lies, to avoid detection and to be as free with the honor of others as he is with his own.

The second point of weakness lies in the disadvantage under which the honorable student will take ordinary precautions, but he trusts his fellows and expects to be trusted. Some careful fraud may, therefore, use this very trust to victimize other students. In other words, the dishonorable student is loose and undetected to prey on the average unsuspecting student.

But the real breakdown of the honor system at Queens, as at any school, lies in the part of the code which requires reporting a fellow student. There should be a permanent mean in student public opinion concerning this part of the code, but there actually exist two extremes. On the one hand is the idea that no one reports anyone. On the other hand is the belief that each one should be viciously suspicious of his neighbor and report him on the least provocation.

Although we are not sure that the honor system works at Queens, we would like to think that it does. To maintain a healthy approach to the serious execution of an honor system, our student body should be made individually aware that infractions of the honor code include not only commissive errors but omissive errors also. It is the duty, therefore, of the individual student to defend and protect the whole student body from violators of the code, and to be willing for the outside world to estimate the integrity of the whole college of Queens from his point of view in regard to this, our honor code.

—Worth Spearman

Congratulations, Sophomores

Congratulations, sophomores, through your Ideal Freshman Week you have taught the freshman what we want the real Queens spirit to be. You have shown Charlotte that we are coming of age, that we are becoming more community minded.

And to you, freshmen, praise for being so eager to do your part. The Queens that was here before you arrived looked forward to your coming with hope in her heart that you might be the grand class that you are. By your cooperation with the sophomores, freshmen, you have made yourself an integral part of Queens.

And another step has been taken towards a greater Queens. But yet there are more steps to be taken, and there are more challenges and more dares to be accepted. With the spirit and enthusiasm of the sophomore and freshman classes, we can join together to make a united Queens.

—M. B.

College is a Privilege, not a Playground

In our age a college education is becoming a must. But for too many, college is becoming a loafer's paradise or a paid vacation rather than a privilege.

There are many reasons for this current trend. Our standards of living has been raised. Our government is operating on the highest budget in our history. There is more output and more income. Although our material standards have been raised, our spiritual standards have suffered. And many of our educators in their conscientious desire to improve the standards of education in a democracy have lost sight of the real purpose of education. Today it is possible for a college student to sit through one whole year in a classroom with very little study and still receive a passing grade. This is not because of the native intelligence of the student but rather because the teacher wishes the student to feel the democratic atmosphere of the classroom. What an ignominious way to represent the true meaning of democracy to our American youth!

This leads us to question what the real purpose of a college education is. Only half a century ago a college education was a rare privilege, granted only to the very wealthy, the very industrious, the brilliant student who might be fortunate enough to win a scholarship. These students had a purpose—to acquire knowledge. Today it seems that students come to college for lack of something better to do. They slouch into classrooms, flop carelessly into their seats, and stare blankly into the face of their conscientious teacher. These students are gaining little or nothing from a college education. And often a teacher must neglect his ambitious students to cope with the indifferent ones.

If this situation is to be corrected, we must raise the standards of academic work in colleges. And a higher education must once again become a privilege and a challenge. The loafer must receive his fair grade and take the consequences. The world will not shield him from failure; therefore, neither should the college. Let us remember that the primary purpose of a college is to build strong minds and characters. It should be an institution for higher learning, not a nursery for idlers.

—A. A.

The Tutoring Situation

During the first quarter many upperclassmen are besieged by their freshman friends who are seeking help in some of their courses. For the first two or three weeks in the semester, course work is not as complicated as it is later in the year; therefore, the upperclassmen give freely to help their underclassmen friends. However, as the semester progresses, assignments and extra-curricular work become more time-consuming; and it is more difficult for the upperclassman to have time to devote to helping the underclassman. This is particularly true when one upperclassman is expected to help many freshmen with last-minute problems.

Since some of the freshmen apparently need tutoring and since many upperclassmen are willing to devote some time to that cause, student organizations could possibly work out a plan whereby one upperclassman would be responsible for tutoring two or three freshmen in her major subject. In this way the tutor could arrange her schedule so that she could have time to help the student who deserves help; she would not be concerned about a large number of underclassmen but only about those for whom she is directly responsible.

Such a program would benefit the senior and the freshman. Better tutoring would be developed, and more subject matter would be learned by the students who need help. As the situation now stands, a few upperclassmen are expected to tutor many freshmen at any time help is needed. The results of this type of tutoring are poorly tutored freshmen and dissatisfied upperclassmen who dread that knock on the door and that plea for help. With an effective tutoring program, such results would be eliminated, and all concerned would benefit.

—D-J. S.

A Parable

The irregulars of the gently sloping hill had been smoothed by the blanket of snow. In the light of the full Christmas moon the whiteness of the drifts reflected an intense, almost dazzling light. And shadows from twisted and bare trees were blue fingers reaching across the snow-crested mound and were writhing snakes as the biting wind swayed the tortured tree trunks. These trees were lonely silhouettes against the star-filled sky; their blackness was in contrast to the glistening brightness of the crust of snow. This gently sloping hill was a perfect Christmas scene, the kind which decorates the season's greeting cards, the kind about which sentimental songs are written.

But the morning following Christmas Day dawned clear and sunny. Soon the snow-capped hill was wet with melting snow. The blanket of white faded visibly with the approach of noon. And thrusting themselves into view were eggshells, rusty tin cans, orange peelings, and a worn out tire. The city dump pile was exposed mercilessly by the shrinking of its lovely covering.

How like the garbage pile are the lives of people today. The approaching Christmas time conceals the petty thoughts of personal gains, the domestic strifes, the envy, the ugliness of war. People smile as they shop for gifts; people hum Christmas carols as they work; people decorate their homes in honor of the advent of Christ. And churches are filled to capacity by people whose hearts overflow with gratitude at the Yule season.

(Cont. on next page)

But the day after Christmas the garbage pile appears. Forgotton are the thoughts of good will; forgotten are the prayers for peace; forgotten are the blessings from God. Like the blanket of snow, the Christmas spirit is a temporary covering of the selfishness of man.

—B. C.

CO-EDUCATION AT QUEENS

(Continued from page 9)

Worth Spearman, who is publicity chairman for the Recreation Association this year, is the first co-ed to be elected to hold an office by the student government elections. Frank Carter is R.A. representative; Elver Thomas and Edward Wells are representatives to Q.C.A.

A number of co-eds are attending Queens this year. President Sam McMahon, assisted by the vice-president and secretary, Bud Hancock, and Richard Stavrakas, social chairman, are the elected heads of the men's organization for the 1953-54 school year. The biggest activity of the men students is the sponsoring of a Halloween party each year in the Barn.

—M. B.

EVENING COLLEGE

(Continued from page 6)

Probably the most unique and beneficial phase of the evening program is that made up of the non-credit or business courses which are in close co-operation with businesses and industries in Charlotte. The subject and content of these special courses are determined by the needs of the class, and are designed mainly for management instruction, including courses in human relations, a Supervisor Development Program, and a special Clinic in Supervision. These and other specialized business classes are restricted to those individuals employed in the particular field with which they are concerned. They are planned and organized by representatives from various industries in co-operation with Mr. Pugh, and are taught by instructors well-qualified for this position through education and experience.

All night school classes are limited in maximum enrollment but must be composed of at least seven students in order to be taught. The schedule of the evening college is similar to that of the day school, and tuition is determined according to the value of the course and instruction.

New courses are constantly being planned and organized making Queens Evening College a progressive, expanding and valuable institution which fills a particular need in the city of Charlotte.

—A. W.

Eclipse

Carol Stockner

The moon should be in eclipse tonight,
For deeds of men are such
That it would hide its face.
Yet with cool and constant beam it shines—
Unshadowed light that man can ne'er reflect.

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BROWSING . . .

A CLASSIC IN REVIEW

Hawthorne, Nathaniel: *The Scarlet Letter,* Rinehart & Co., Inc., New York: 1953, 251 pp. $.50.

Few authors ever dared to take so ordinary an incident and create from it so moving and stimulating a story as did Nathaniel Hawthorne in his novel, *The Scarlet Letter.* He succeeded in portraying the adultery of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale with a note of reality; and he presented the characters as only a man with a sensitive understanding of human nature could do. For this reason the reader ceases to feel that these characters belong merely in the stern era of Puritanism, and he begins to realize that they belong to the ages. Thus the theme is universal, and the appeal to readers is universal.

The story itself is concerned not so much with the adultery of Hester Prynne and the minister of the early Massachusetts community, Arthur Dimmesdale, but rather with the consequence of their sin and its effect upon the four characters. We see the woman, Hester Prynne, having to acknowledge her sin before the eyes of the world in conceiving and giving birth to a child, in being forced to stand in the market place as an example, and in being branded for the rest of her life by the embroidered scarlet letter *A* upon her breast. We see her partner in the sin, the minister, acknowledging his wrong before no one but God because of his position in the community and his lack of courage to share her shame and guilt. We see also Hester's husband, Chillingworth, who is unknown as such to the community and the minister. He determines to search out the man who has wronged him and avenge himself. We see the physical result of the sin in the form of the child, Pearl, who is a personification of all the lust and passionate emotion of her origin.

The story that evolves from the narration seems to grow, rather than to be written. The manner in which it is told is most remarkable, for at no time is the reader conscious of anything save the plot itself. It is related with a sure and quiet art.

Although the incident is based upon historical knowledge, the pace of the narrative is never slowed down with cumbersome details and involved descriptions. Hawthorne has allowed nothing to distract the reader's attention from the central theme. Particularly impressive are Hawthorne's vocabulary and aptness of expression. The words that he uses help create an atmosphere that is vibrant with sorrow and desperation. One cannot help responding to its pathos.

Thus a tragedy is woven around the symbolism of a scarlet letter with such skill that it is a virtually perfect work of art.

—Sally Edgerton

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN

Abe Lincoln: An Anthology compiled and edited by Hilah Paulmier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953. 306 pp. $3.50.

So many authors have written about the little boy who was raised in a log cabin and grew into a great leader and lived his final years in the White House, a champion for democracy. But yet the world is not tired of reading about this tall, gaunt man.

The material in Hilah Paulmier's *Abe Lincoln: An Anthology* is arranged chronologically. The significant periods in Lincoln's life are covered. Miss Paulmier selected material from the works of more than sixty authors—biographers, novelists, and poets. Included are stories, incidents, anecdotes, and poems by Carl Sandburg, Edwin Markham, Walt Whitman, James Whitcomb Riley, Winston Churchill, Elsie Singmaster, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and William Cullen Bryant. These interesting bits "illustrate Lincoln's faith in the principles of American democracy, his love for his fellow men and his courage and persistence in overcoming the obstacles of extreme poverty and lack of formal education."

Abe Lincoln: An Anthology also includes a section of speeches and quotations, a Lincoln calendar, and an index. Miss Paulmier has succeeded in producing a useful reference work and an anthology of interest to students of both history and literature.

—Mary Bradley

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE

Feuchtwanger, Lion: *'Tis Folly To Be Wise,* The Julian Messner Publishing Company, New York: 1953, 367 pp. $3.95.

The life of the great French philosopher, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who believed that the universe "should not conform to the laws of human logic," and the turbulent results of his philosophy live again in Lion Feuchtwanger's book, *'Tis Folly To Be Wise.* Although the book appears at first to be solely a great tribute to Rousseau and an historical account of the times, one can also see the author's meaning in his paradoxical title.

Far from enjoying the simplicity of life which his philosophy maintains, Rousseau felt that he was alone and misunderstood. Daily he schemed to keep his autobiographical work, *The Confessions,* out of the grasp of avaricious contemporaries. Finally he retired to the country estate of Ermenonville, hoping to find nature there a "consolation for the injustice man had inflicted on him." Even at Ermenonville, however, his wife Therese proved unfaithful. And Rousseau was murdered by her lover, Nicolas, who hoped to gain the royalties of *The Confessions.* Thus we see that Rousseau gained little from his doctrine of innate goodness in man. Rather, he was the proof of a statement made to a disciple of Rousseau, "They say in Paris, all you have to do to be a great philosopher is to play the fool."

Rousseau's belief in the freedom and goodness of the individual appealed to the emotions of the French and did much to encourage the rebellion against the overbearing nobility. Yet, even the great French Revolution with its nationwide massacre of both the criminal and the innocent transcended the teachings of Rousseau. Indeed, his philosophy seemed to fail, for injustice and tyranny were the ultimate results of Rousseauism.

'Tis Folly To Be Wise is excellent reading for all who would catch the spirit of the times and gain a better understanding of the talked-about yet little-known controversial figure, Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

—Marjorie Blankenship

HEROIC CONQUEST

Herzog, Maurice: *Annapurna,* E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York: 1953, 314 pp. $3.00.

Few novels are as exciting to read as the true story, *Annapurna,* by Maurice Herzog. This is not simply a thrilling adventure of mountain climbing. Rather it is the inspirational biography of nine Frenchmen who conquered the heights of the great mountain in the Himalayas, Annapurna.

In the preface Lucien Devies, president of the Expedition, states beautifully the philosophy of mountain climbing: "That wonderful world of high mountains, dazzling in their rock and ice, acts as a catalyst. It suggests the infinite, but it is not the infinite. The heights only give us what we ourselves bring to them. Climbing is a means of self expression. Its justification lies in the men it develops, its heroes and its saints."

The expedition to the top of Annapurna was made up of Maurice Herzog, the author of the book and leader of the party; Jean Courzy, an aeronautical engineer; Macel Scahatz, an efficient tailoring merchant; Louis Lachenal, a skiing instructor; Lionel Terray, an aristocratic mountain guide; Gaston Rebuffat, a professional mountain climber; Marcel Ichac, the cameraman; Jacques Oudot, a famed French surgeon; and Francis de Noyelle, the interpreter. All these men were chosen for their skill and belief in their purpose.

The story begins at the French Alpine Club. Here the men who will compose the expedition meet and map out their plans to conquer Annapurna. The long hard task lies before them. But at this moment they do not consider it so much a task as a challenge.

The men travel by plane to India. Most of their journey, however, is to be on foot through rough terrain. From the Nepalese jungle region to the final heights of Annapurna, the party faces death and difficulty. On one reconnoitering venture the whole party is almost wiped out by an avalanche. There is bitter disappointment when their first plan of attack proves impossible. Then there is that glorious sensation of accomplishment when they discover another way to reach their goal. Although the whole expedition was not able to reach the summit, each one shared the glory in humility and realized that the victory was not his alone.

Maurice Herzog lost his fingers and toes on the expedition and will never be able to climb again. But his message to the world in *Annapurna* is one of undaunted optimism. After reading this book, one cannot doubt that mountain climbing can be a rewarding, spiritually strengthening experience.

—Amanda Adams

A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM

Cronin, A. J.: *Beyond This Place.* Little Brown and Company, Boston: 1953. 279 pp.

The latest novel by Dr. A. J. Cronin is a story of great warmth and feeling. It is a story of great passion, great understanding, and great loyalty. Although unique in its theme, the story recalls to the reader strong feelings of emotion and sentiment. The characters are realistically portrayed and are people whom one does not find too difficult to know. The plot is fast moving, and is filled with suspense and excitement.

Beyond This Place is the story of Paul Burgess and his mother and of their struggle to adjust to the knowledge that Paul's father was in prison for life for a murder which it was believed he committed. The secret of his father had always been kept from Paul until it was necessary for Paul to have his birth certificate to apply for a job. Mrs. Burgess could then do nothing but tell her son the story of his father, and with the help of a pastor friend of the family—Pastor Fleming—Paul learned that his father had been convicted of the brutal murder of a prostitute whom he had known for months. Hurt and shaken, Paul left home and wandered to Stoneheath, where his father had been forgotten within prison walls. From the moment Paul heard the story he was like a possessed man. Questions ran through his mind which without a doubt led him to believe his father was innocent. He dug into the past through newspaper files, visited the scene of the crime, and talked with every person known to have had any connection with the case. Paul suffered for his desire to free his father, for the closer he came to the answer, the more he was threatened. Paul did not stop until he found the truth.

Beyond This Place has the qualities of a good novel. It will be remembered for its exciting plot, its interesting characters, and its wholesome message for its readers. It will be remembered with pleasure.

—Jackie Jetton

Wedgwood China

★

40 PATTERNS

TO CHOOSE

FROM

★

VAN NESS

215 North Tryon Street

MISS NOOE

(Continued from page 4)

Miss Nooe is a member of the North Carolina Academy of Science and the National Association of Biology teachers. She is one of the favorite members of the Queens faculty and is greatly interested in each of her many students besides being an eager advocate of her special department.

Miss Nooe will always be remembered by Queens students as the faculty member who waters the boxwoods, who weeds the gardens, and who reprimands those who step on the flowers and grass. She takes a great deal of interest in the health of the students often scolding them for being without a coat or for not going to the infirmary when sick. She raises African violets and tropical fish, and she also likes to preserve insects for study. Her greatest interest, however, still lies in her travels and Queens students consider themselves fortunate because a world traveler selected Queens for her home.

—H. Leeds Cushman

Tramp Steamer

Richard Burton

The squat, blunt-nosed ship is tied to the wharf. The water laps at her side in a monotonous rhythm. Her engines are quiet. Where has she been? What has she seen? What has she brought back in her holds?

London, Liverpool, Marseilles, Port Said, Palermo—these ports have felt the laughter and the brawling of the lusty men who sail the tramp steamer. These ports have seen the fights of the sailors over women, over liquor, over other ships—over nothing at all. The people have heaved a sigh of relief as the sea tramp has put out to the open ocean and her next port of call. They have heaved a sigh and prepared for the coming of the next steamer. The women have put on fresh paint to make themselves more alluring to the seamen who will invade their city. The wine merchants have prepared their vile concoctions for the next batch of men.

The sea tramp pushes on into the blue of the Mediterranean. The routine of day-to-day life aboard the tramp goes on in seemingly endless monotony. Then, like a bolt from the sky, another port and another wild debauch. This is the life of the men who sail the tramp steamer. Not a pretty life, but the men are of a breed that is not happy without the call of adventure always before them. And the call of adventure is best translated to them as the call of the sea.

The tramp's holds are filled and emptied in one port after another. Coal and iron. Steel and cloth. Lace and lumber. These commodities are taken from one part of the world to the next. The cranes swing down into the bowels of the ship to bring up the cargo that she carries and deposit a cargo for some other port. Then the sea tramp plows out to the sea to deliver her cargo and start the whole cycle over again.

Finally, back across the Pacific the tramp steams toward home port. She knows that she is going home. The engines sing in the below-deck area. The bow cuts clean and true the water. The wake is straight as an arrow, an arrow heading for its target—home port.

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POETRY

My Last Beloved

Gloria Dowd

The bells ring out this dreary day;
My tears fall slowly down.
I saw the hearse come take away
The last of life's sweet sound.

No more to sit upon his knee,
No more to touch his hair,
No more the face I used to see,
To gaze upon it fair.

The lips of love that were all mine,
That said, "I love you true,"
In death's dark grave they do resign;
My life must now end too.

That day do I remember well
When fair she came his way;
So here I pause to sadly tell
The sorrow of that day.

The fair one promised worldly things—
I could give only love.
Destruction with its beauty brings,
And so I held to love.

She gaily laughed so light and free,
While I could only sigh.
The love that once belong to me.
I had to kiss goodbye.

Their love was new, and love they did;
But not like we had known.
The gods stepped in and did forbid
Their love—he was alone.

Returned he then to me one night.
We vowed our love anew.
We dared not leave each other's sight—
This love would last we knew.

The night gave way to dawn so bright
As I lay by his side;
I gazed upon my love in fright,
For in the night he died.

I call to death, "Come take me, too,"
Where e'er the twain shall meet,
And all life's trail is o'er and through,
And there is no repeat.

This story ends, and die I must
To meet my love again.
This dagger through my heart I thrust
And fall upon my pen.

The Death of Jenny Lee

Kathryn Rogers

The winds forever mourn the death
Of lovely Jenny Lee.
The night is still along the shore
Where last she saw the sea.

Her lover waits with grieving heart,
For by his hand she died.
He knew not why her love was cold;
He knew not why she cried.

Long, long ago beside the waves
He met his Jenny Lee.
Their hearts entwined; they walked alone
Along the endless sea.

They told of passion yet untold;
They vowed their love was true.
They sang the song of silent souls;
They whispered, "Love is new."

But fate stepped in; another came,
And with him, lonely strife.
The lover with a jealous rage
Took faithless Jenny's life.

With tears she vowed her love to him
Throughout eternity.
He heeded not, but threw her hard
Into the restless sea.

His heart is sore; he knows not why
Such jealousy was born.
And now the death of Jenny Lee
Forever he will mourn.

The Light in the Old Graveyard

Caroline McIlwaine

If you will listen to me a while,
A strange tale you will hear
Of a light that was seen in an old graveyard
And why it did appear.

Behind the house where my grandmother lived
When she was younger than I
Was a family graveyard filled with those dead
Who there will ever lie.

It was all overgrown with vine and weed
And almost forgotten by some;
But since the night that the light appeared
A legend it has become.

For on that night a strange thing occurred
In that graveyard among the trees;
A happening so eerie that had you been there
It would make you shake in your knees.

On the morning of that sad, sad day
A messenger came to the door
To say that Betsy, a cousin, lay ill
She may not be well anymore.

All that day they waited for word
But no one came and said
How the poor girl was getting along;
If she were alive or dead.

But when night had fallen the mother went upstairs
To put the children to bed.
One went to the window to look at the stars
And turned around and said:

"Mother, look, out in the graveyard there.
A very strange light I see.
It shines with a spooky, eerie glow
Yonder under that tree."

The mother went to the window there
And looked in the graveyard below.
And there she saw the mysterious light,
The strange and eerie glow.

From whence did it come, and what did it mean,
This light in the old graveyard?
The father went to the window, too:
The strange light to regard.

He gathered together three brave men
To see what the glow could be;
But when they got to the old graveyard
There was nothing there to see.

Nothing there but old gravestones
Covered with weed and vine;
No sign of a living soul was there,
Not a single sign could they find.

But while they were in the old graveyard
The light did always remain.
And even while they were looking there,
They saw it did not wane.

They pondered the light the whole night through,
Wondered why it was there;
Could it have some sign for them
That trouble was in the air?

The very next morn as dawn first appeared
And they still thought of the light,
A message arrived that told the news
That Betsy had died in the night.

When they heard, they thought of the light;
And wondered, could it be true?
Could the light have held a sign for them
That Betsy's life was through?

A few months later on another dark night
They saw the light again.
It shone through the dark with a fearful glow,
Through the winter wind and the rain.

The next day again brought very sad news.
An uncle at home lay dead.
Thrown from his horse while riding that day
A terrible accident, they said.

Again a relative lay sick unto death;
They knew her life would soon go;
For again there appeared in the old graveyard
The light with the eerie glow.

Thus every time the light appeared,
It filled them all with dread.
An evil omen it did seem
That someone else was dead.

And no one knows where the light came from
Nor how it did appear.
That eerie glow in the old graveyard,
The light, so strange and queer.

Idyl

Charlene Warren

Light sifts through naked
Trees.
Yellow slants on pale ground.
Brown moss and withered
Leaves—
A dead forest without sound.

Pale Blossoms Die

Carol Stockner

Pale blossoms die
When men with dark insinuations
Look upon them,
Never seeing their frail beauty,
Never knowing that in them
Life in purest form exists.

Yet—for one who has looked upon the flowers
With tender eyes,
They live—
Immortal and untouched by shriveling decay.

The Christmas Tree of The Angels

Betty Cross

I believe that somewhere up in the inky clouds of this Christmas sky the angels have a Christmas tree. And tonight on this tree a new candle which for five years had remained unlit is shining—a candle placed on the lowest limb of that spreading tree by the dimpled hand of my blue-eyed angel. I can see her now trying to make her tiny light stand as straight and reach as far as the candles of the angels who have been placing a light on the tree through countless years. But the light which shines into this empty and cold nursery is not the blazing glory of that Christmas tree. The only ray of light which I see is reaching back to earth in the memory of five years in the life of my Lib.

I had to come back tonight, but I waited until I was sure Bob was asleep, for Bob had said I would have to forget. Forget—how could I? And how could I love the new child for whom I had neglected my Lib, the trusting Libby who believed Mommie could cure any hurt? Well, that was one hurt that had rendered me helpless, and the empty ache in my heart could not be mended. Bob had said he had loved her too. What did he know about the love of a parent for a child? A father never knows. He said that I had to stop blaming myself, that I could have done nothing. But I could have nursed her. And on the night she died she had so many things to tell me—how she was supposed to place a candle on the Sunday School Christmas tree and then recite the message of the Christmas angel.

The room was just as Lib had left it a year ago tonight. It seemed lonely and cold without her. But while I sat squeezed into her tiny rocking chair by the window, the room became alive with the memories of Lib.

I remembered how solemn Lib was when I told her that this Christmas she would have a new brother or sister, and that her mommie would bring the baby home by Christmas Day. This same Libby jumped with excitement as she told her grannie about the new brother or sister who was coming to live with us. Grannie had scolded as she tried to fit the fluffy angel's costume on the twitching and dancing Libby. When Lib's antics were finally subdued, she practiced her part in the Sunday School program. Her voice came back with the poignancy of memory as she recited, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill among men."

Lib had a little cough, and her cheeks were flushed as I left her in her grannie's care. I did not worry about Lib at the hospital, though, and I was happy with the new son who seemed to be as healthy as Libby was delicate. But then I returned home to find a sick Lib whose slender form was racked by the pain of pneumonia. Her life was like a short candle whose wick was burning low. And a sudden gust of wind extinguished her small yet bright glow.

Lib had said, "I'm going to be an angel and carry a candle to put on the Christmas tree. And I've learned my part, mommie, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace . . .'"

Yes, she knew her part. And tonight her candle was burning on the angel's Christmas tree. I could almost hear her last words and the addition, "Do you know your part Mommie?" At last I did know my part—it was not to forget, but to remember and to go on living and doing my duty.

I closed the door on memories and went into the room of the son I loved.

Only A Miracle

Pats Powell

The little wreath of Christmas holly hung on the door—trying to look so merry and jolly to all those who walked within the room. "Oh, if only I could help," he thought to himself, but this was ridiculous—how could an inanimate object think. But it was Christmas Eve, and all sorts of magical things can happen at this time.

Soon the wreath heard the voice of the doctor whispering "Only a miracle can help her now. She doesn't seem to be sure of wanting to live; something must give her that will." In a few minutes the door opened inward, and the white-faced parents emerged from the room; the doctor was telling them to try to get some rest. He would call them if there was a change in her condition.

As the door closed, the little wreath began to shed his holly berry tears. Was this to be the last time he would ever see his lovely little cherub smile—the beautiful little blond-haired angel with the big blue eyes and tinkling laughter? Suddenly he stopped crying, for he felt the door moving. Quickly he looked down and saw the grubby little hand of a tiny boy. "Hey! Stop! you can't go in there," cried the wreath, but of course the little boy couldn't hear him. The little fellow tottered on across the room, clenching in his fist a small object. When he reached the table beside the bed, he placed the object upon it. The wreath strained its eyes to see what it was. There on the table stood the tiniest little wooden angel you've ever seen. It had bright blue wings, a round little body, rosy cheeks, and it was holding two brightly burning candles. Soon the little boy turned to the bed and scrambled up beside the still, pale girl. Gently he kissed her cheek; and when she opened her eyes he pointed to the angel.

Suddenly the bells on the magic wreath began to tinkle. Perhaps it was only a gust of wind—perhaps the little wreath was singing because the faith of a small brother and his guardian angel had given the little girl the will to live.

THE FIFTH FREEDOM

MARY MCLANEY

In the editorial, "The Fifth Freedom," in a recent issue f the *Saturday Review,* Mr. Seymour St. John, who is headaster of Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut, states hat the fifth freedom is the freedom to be one's best. It s the freedom of each person to develop his highest power. But Mr. St. John's argument is that we are in grave danger f losing this fifth freedom. We are in danger of losing it, e states, because we do not understand three great prinples. We do not understand democracy—we think democacy means catering to the average. We do not understand he basis for happiness—we think happiness lies in ease nd material possessions. We do not understand the true alues of the universe—we have come to believe in no bsolute or God, although history has shown us time and me again that moral decay brings destruction.

What, then, must we do about this situation? Mr. St. ohn states that in order to remedy the three misunderood concepts, we must give our children three opportunies—the opportunity to be challenged, the opportunity to ail, and the opportunity to base their lives on the truest alues we know. Through these means our fifth freedom ill be insured.

Because Mr. St. John is an educator, his quarrel is with he materialism, laziness, and mediocrity of our educational hilosophy. Indeed he is right. Our educational system is ntent on giving students a high school diploma without nabling them to enjoy life or add anything good to life. ecause teachers do not demand the best from their students, their students are not willing to give their best. Many bright young people go through school bored nearly to death because there is nothing in their classes to challenge them, to stimulate them into putting forth any effort at all. And teachers are content for students to make good grades even though they have been taught nothing.

But that kind of teacher is wrong. Education is not a matter of grades—it is a matter of developing a young person's natural powers to the highest level. In our public school system today, however, we are too content with things as they are, too content with merely the skeleton of an education. We have lost the joy of striving, lost the joy of taking a challenge, lost the joy of being different. We are, therefore, losing our fifth freedom.

The very fact that Mr. St. John's editorial was published in a magazine like the *Saturday Review* is perhaps an indication as to its limited appeal. Not many Americans would ever have thought along Mr. St. John's line. They would have no idea of criticizing the American public school system—it is the best in the world. But what is it best for? Is it best for grinding out education for the mass in the same way that an automobile plant grinds out Fords? Or does it make real thinkers, real moral minds, out of our young people? Mr. St. John's article makes one think about the public school system and, more personally than that, it should make a student think about whether or not he is taking advantage of his own opportunities in education.

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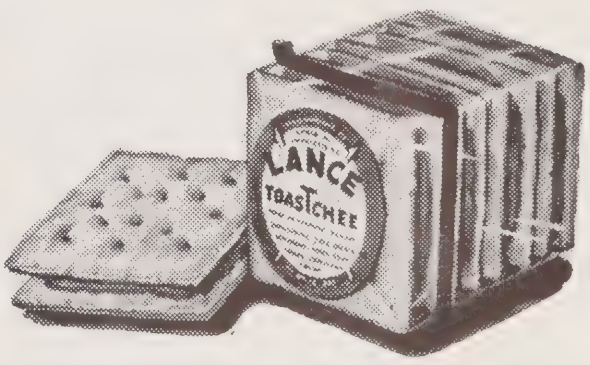

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To A Fellow Student

Marjorie Blankenship

She is grown, and the gall of childish tears
Is softened by the changing years.
The death that dashed her dreams to clay
Remains a tender thought today.
She heard, as a dreamy child of nine,
A music in the moving pine.
But now her mind is guided by
The wiser scope of a scholar's eye,
And the roguish smile of her gayest mood
Is tinged with a thoughtful solitude.
But, today, when the gray November sky
Holds an untouched dream and a long lost sigh,
Her heart is alive with a former day
When she happily whiled her hours away
With her closest companion—a dog named Rags
Whose whimpering yelp, whose tireless wags
Of a happy tail were determined by
His owner's smile or downcast eye.
Betty and Rags! Few comprehend
The traits that a small girl seeks in a friend;
In her poodle, Rags, she beheld, quite young,
A common soul, though a different tongue.
And God bridged the gap by making them part
Of a love that swelled in a kindred heart.
Sometimes they trudged homeward on summer nights,
Looking wistfully up at the warm home lights.
In winter they witnessed a leaden sky
Spill a cup of snow in the trees nearby.
Their ears were attuned in the driving sleet
To the tiny echo of elfin feet.
And once, they were lulled when a sylvan choir
Sang dying strains in a winter's fire.
And, always, with every passing year,
She whispered her soul in a furry ear.
"Rags, listen!" she'd cry. "Hear the voice of that tree?
I'm sure that I heard it speaking to me."
"Rags, is Jesus down here *and* up in the sky?"
Rags nuzzled his cold wet nose in reply,
And a language spoke to her stroking hand
That only his mistress could understand.
Too young to feel sorrow? A cynic might shrug
That the thought of a dog has the power to tug
At a girlish heart. Yet she felt at his death
A tameness creep into the wind's gusty breath
That swept through the country she once used to race
With heart pounding high and wind-bitten face.
There's a gentleness brooding in spring's fitful breeze
That tugged at their kites and rocked the gaunt trees.
No longer it shouts with delirious call,
"Come, sing to the sky smiling over us all."
Her heart is undaunted by slow throbbing pain
But—voices no longer commune with the rain.
Yet a child's sweet spirit sleeps on in her breast—
A pure bit of heaven forever at rest.
Faint stirrings were felt on a cold autumn day
When the leaves hung ashen and the mist blew gray;
And a song fluttered out from the fathomless deep
And faded again to eternal sleep.

Storm

Carol Stockner

Shadows steal, foretelling deeper shadows to come;
Willow leaves flutter in nervous haste;
Birds speak in fearful, timid sounds.
Earth is waiting.

Now the wind begins; it swells,
And with the swell spits rain.
Suddenly the storm springs, splendid in its fury—
Splendid and not soon spent.

Invitation

Betty Cross

Alone, quiet, still—
Death comes.
Fleshless fingers beckon;
Unawakened souls answer, plead,
"But I am young;"

Final, unaltered, chilled—
Death glides
With fading form, decided
And faltering souls follow
While they are young.

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THE BEACH

Barbara Palmore

Written by an artist, this story is about an artist.

It was 7:30 P.M. Time to start back, thought Nancy. But somehow when it was time to go, she always wanted to keep on walking. The beach was so peaceful and quiet, so soothing that time of day. There was always something different to see . . . to feel. The same old pier was always there, the hot dog stand, the light house—these things never changed. But the sky, the waves, the wind—they were never the same. If only she could paint all the beauty that she felt in her soul!

Nancy turned and walked away from the waves that had been playfully splashing around her feet. The houses along the beach were beginning to light up. She saw the light come on in her own living room. She knew that her father was getting ready to read his evening paper and that her mother would be in after a while to sew, write letters, or do whatever mothers always find to do. Then of course David, Nancy's older brother, would be around working on his car, getting ready for a date, or maybe it would be a beach party tonight. Nancy walked into the living room and sat down in the nearest chair.

"Hello, parents," she said.

"Have a nice walk?" asked her mother.

"Yeah, it's a beautiful night. Did anyone call while I was gone?"

"Yes, Mike did. He sounded like he might be coming over tonight," replied her mother. Nancy had been going with Mike for almost four years; so it wasn't anything unusual for him to call.

"Probably so. Well, if he comes, I'll be upstairs." Nancy's father looked up from his paper.

"Going to paint some more, Rembrandt?" he asked, smiling.

"Thought I might," Nancy answered. "Upstairs" was really the attic at Nancy's house. She had turned it into an art studio several years ago. It wasn't anything fancy, but it served the purpose. Nancy tore a piece of paper out of her sketch pad and pinned it to her drawing board. Looking at the blank sheet of paper before her, she thought of tropical jungles in South America, adobe houses in Mexico, the side walk cafés in Paris. She could picture all the places in her mind; see them almost as if she had been there. After she decided to paint a Parisian scene, Nancy began sketching her idea. This time she would do it well; she knew she could if she tried.

Only a half an hour had gone by when Mike climbed the attic stairs to Nancy's studio.

"What is it tonight?" he asked as he looked over her shoulder.

"Sidewalk café in Paris."

"Nancy, how do you know what a sidewalk café in Paris looks like?"

"I use my imagination; any objection?" she said, a little hurt by Mike's remark.

"O.K. Come on and let's go down to the boardwalk. Everybody's going down there for a little party." Nancy looked at her picture—a few pencil lines forming some buildings, a sidewalk, and a few tables without legs. This wasn't what she had pictured in her mind; this wasn't the colorful scene she had planned to paint. Her picture was empty.

"O.K. Let me wash my brushes out, and I'll be ready."

Nancy and Mike went down to the boardwalk with the other young people. They danced, played cards, ate popcorn, and drank cokes. It was a lot of fun but then Nancy always had fun when she was with Mike. They had grown up together, and now they were both going to the university. Nancy would be a sophomore and Mike would be a junior when the fall term began. When Mike brought her home, they sat on the front porch and talked for a long time. They talked about next year at the university, about the war and Mike's chances of being called into service, about what they wanted to do, always about their future. They knew that somewhere in that future they would get married, settle down, and have a dozen children. Mike would be a doctor and have all of the patients he could care for. Nancy would be his wife . . . but what would she have? This thought often entered Nancy's mind.

After Mike had gone and she was lying in bed, Nancy began to think about the future again. What would she have? A loving husband, a home, children. Yet the knowledge of this did not satisfy her. And Nancy knew why she did not feel secure or satisfied. That was the whole trouble she knew and yet she couldn't do anything about it. Nancy wanted, more than anything, to paint. Her desire was to put on paper or canvas what she felt when she envisioned the Swiss Alps, the sand dunes of Africa, all the beautiful and picturesque places she had read about but never seen. If only she could paint the dashing lords and queenly ladies like those the Old Masters had contributed to art. But somehow, in spite of all her imagination, Nancy's pictures were like the one she had started tonight: empty.

Why? What did she lack? When she painted, it was just like walking down the beach. She wanted to go on but she couldn't. Her parents were expecting her home; she always had to turn back. And when she painted, she wanted to paint what she felt. But some unknown force pulled her back. Nancy never reached her destination, never attained her goal. She never recorded the beauty her imagination drew for her. She wanted so much to be really

good, to have feeling, emotion, and expression in her pictures. Yet she could not release these desires from within herself.

Nancy thought about all of these things as she lay there in the hot night. The tears would not stay away, and the lump in her throat was impossible to swallow. Her one consolation was that Mike understood how she felt. He wanted to help her, but like Nancy herself, he didn't know how.

Finally Nancy went to sleep, but she was restless and her dreams confused. She dreamed she was walking down the beach, and she could see something in the distance. She didn't know what it was, but she had to reach it. However, the more she tried, the more the sand would slip away under her feet, and she would have to turn back. Always she was forced to turn back, to restrain herself.

Nancy slept late the next morning. When she went into the kitchen, her mother was already fixing sandwiches for David's lunch.

"I'll just eat when David does, mother," she said.

"O.K., honey. And how about cleaning the living room for me while I finish fixing these sandwiches?" Nancy went into the living room and went through the usual motions of cleaning. When she went back into the kitchen, David had already come in and was eating his lunch.

"Well, I'm glad you decided to get up today," he said as Nancy sat down and began eating a sandwich.

"How's the life guard business?" she asked.

"Boring except for the usual bathing beauties I would like to save. Mike was down there this morning and wanted to know where you were."

"Oh, well, I'll be down there later this afternoon," she replied.

Nancy met Mike on the beach later that day. The water was calm and clear, very inviting on that hot summer day. The two of them swam for a while and them lay on the sand to dry off in the sun. They talked about different things and laughed at the old ladies who were afraid of the water. But Mike noticed that Nancy was disturbed about something. He propped himself up on his elbow and looked at her.

"What's your trouble?" he asked.

"You know. The usual thing," she replied.

"You mean about your painting?"

"Yes."

"Now wait a minute. I thought we agreed that you wouldn't worry about that anymore and just do the best you can."

"Yes, I know. But I just can't help it, Mike. I feel like an author when he can't find the right words, or a composer when he can't find the right notes. You know how it is, Mike."

"Yeah," he said as he got up. "But come on. Don't let it worry you anymore today. Let's go down to the pier and see how the fish are biting."

The storm clouds didn't start gathering until Nancy and her family were eating supper. After she and her mother had finished the dishes, Nancy went to the hall closet and put on her slicker.

"Nancy, you'd better not walk far tonight. Those clouds are coming up pretty fast," her father called from the living room.

"I won't. I'll be back in a little while," she assured him as she walked out the front door.

The water was rough now with the waves flashing white caps. The wind slapped against Nancy's slicker and whipped

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CHARLOTTE, N C

her hair around her face. She took off her tennis shoes and left them high up on the beach. Then she walked along the edge of the water, letting the waves barely break around her ankles. She could feel the water pulling the sand from under her feet, just as in her dream last night.

Across the water Nancy could see the thin lines of rain coming toward her. Soon it was dropping on her face and slicking her hair. But it wasn't raining hard enough to go back yet; so she kept on walking, walking down the beach. As she looked ahead, Nancy saw another figure standing on the edge of the water. She thought it must be the lighthouse-keeper; so she continued walking toward him. But when she could see the person, she didn't know who it was. She was almost beside him when he turned and looked at her.

"I'd say you were getting a little wet," he said.

Nancy looked at the stranger. At first his clear, grey eyes startled her; they seemed so bright in the glowing darkness. He was very tall, and his long raincape was draped over him like a tent.

"Uh, yes, just a little," Nancy answered after a moment's hesitation. He smiled down at her with the kindest, most understanding face Nancy had ever seen.

"You must like to walk on the beach. I've seen you down this way almost every night," he said.

"Yes, I do. I like it best of all at this time of day."

"Well, I rather like it, too. Do you mind if I walk with you some of the way?"

"No, not at all," replied Nancy. "You don't live around here, do you?" she asked.

"No, I've just been spending a few weeks here. I have to leave in the morning, and that is why I came down to the beach tonight. Had to take a last walk and a last loo you know."

"Yes, I know. I always hate to leave when it's time to g back to school," Nancy said. Then he asked her whe she went to school. Nancy told him about the universit her art major, Mike and their future plans. She didn't kno why she was telling this complete stranger all about he self, but for some reason she wanted to. Maybe it was h eyes or his kind face, but she wanted to tell him. He aske her more about her art.

"I used to paint some myself," he stated.

"You did?" She looked at him, a little surprised. The eagerly she began telling him about her art, how she fe about it, and how she couldn't seem to express herself. Sh wondered if perhaps this artist had had the same troub when he was young and just beginning his career.

"What do you want to paint?" he asked her.

"It's kind of hard to say, really. I imagine all of thes beautiful places and can see them so clearly in my min But when I try to paint them, I can't seem to feel anythin or express myself. Do you know what I mean?"

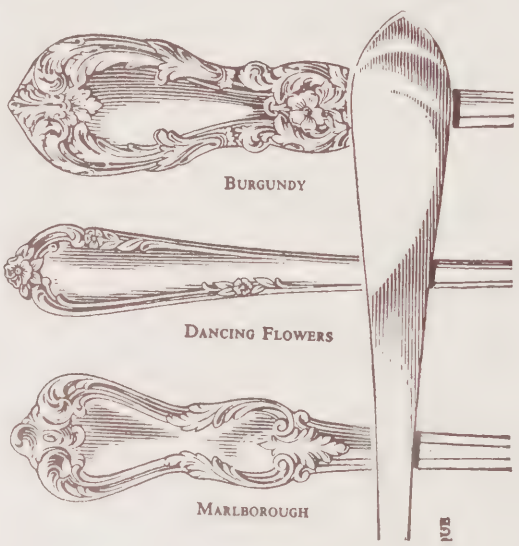
"Yes, I think I do. Do you know why you can not fe anything for these imaginary pictures?" he asked her.

"No, and I wish I did," she said, a little discouraged.

"Well, maybe I can help you. Tell me, what do you love Nancy didn't know what to say, she was so startled b his question. What did that have to do with what sh painted?

"Why . . . uh . . . I love my parents and . . . m brother, and of course, Mike," she stammered around, tryin

(Continued on page 31)



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The Find

W. W. Spearman

Out of the liquid night came the humming and singing
f the rails. Then, with a roar, the 9:23 hurtled through
ie cut, slammed across the trestle, and drew the string of
nattering empties after it up the grade. For a few more
oments the lonesome moan of the whistle lingered to
ho among the shadowy hills. Silence settled again.

Jim Cothran, his black eyes snapping, sat just inside the
pen door of his little shack near the ravine which the
estle spanned. He listened for a long time after the train
ad passed. Finally, a puzzled frown seaming his features,
othran ran a stubby hand through his shock of steel-gray
air. He reached over the bunk beside him, got his rifle,
nd spoke to the darkness. There was no response. A short
earch proved that his dog was not there. "So he heard
, too." Jim said to himself. In one easy motion the six-foot-
ur man was outside the cabin, rifle in hand.

Picking his way swiftly along an invisible path, Jim
oved toward the towering trestle. He stopped to listen
very hundred yards. Soon he reached the place where the
estle met the side of the mountain. He listened again. A
ight noise, the slightest sound, brought his attention to the
ght and the rifle to his shoulder. "That you, Andy?" he
ked. The dog whined. "What is it, boy? What is it?"
autiously he stepped nearer. Two shapes more black than
ie night were on the ground. One was Andy, the dog.
he other? A man groaned. Andy's growl rumbled deep
his chest. "Easy, boy, easy," Jim said as he bent over the
gure. "Must'a either gotten hit or thrown from that train.
otta' have light. You stay here, dog. I'll be back."

The dog backed off a dozen feet and lay down. Jim
urried back to the cabin and lit a lantern. He put the
fle, unloaded in the corner. With the lantern, a canteen
brandy, and some rope, he went back to the man.
either the prone figure nor Andy had moved. By lantern
ght Jim examined the man completely. Young. Broken
g. After making a temporary splint of rope and three pieces
sapling which he had cut, Jim gathered the man in his
ms, took a deep breath, and lifted him across his shoulder.
Let's go, dog," he said to Andy. The dog looked at Jim
rrying the stranger, sniffed, and trotted ahead down the
th.

II

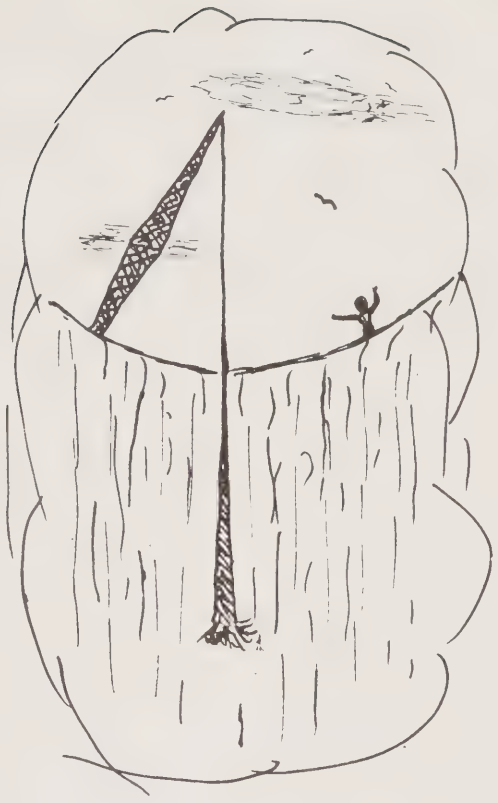
At first light Jim roused to tend the fire and to inspect
e visitor. I guess I made a good 'nough job of that splint,
d patching up them cuts, he said to himself. After all,
n't often a man even has disabled company in this coun-
y, he thought. The stranger's eyes opened. Apprehension
stantly stiffened him as his eyes darted between Jim and
e cabin. "Now take it easy, son," Jim said." "You've had
me right healthy licks, even for a young fella. So you
st rest up a little, and perty soon you'll be good as new."

"Who're you?" came the low reply.

"Well now, that's a right long story, son; so maybe we
tter save it awhile. But uh . . . might ask you the same
uestion."

"Aw, nobody. Leastways, not nomore."

"That's a mighty general statemunt you'r' makin', young
lla. Seems as how you'r' not in much shape to judge one
ay or th' other right now." Jim could tell the young man



"Pa stares at that cable hangin' there with nothin' on the end of it."

was inclined to want to talk. "Say, how'd you get thrown off'a that train, anyhow?"

"How'd you know I got thrown off?" he fired back, as he tried to get up.

"Easy now, easy," Jim said as he pressed the man back down in the bunk. "Just chanced a guess."

The stranger settled back slowly. "Well, you'r' right. Them railroad fellas found me 'sleep in one'a the cars and shoved me plum out the door. Lucky I wuzn't killed."

"You're a right husky young fella from the looks of you. I'd guess it'd take a perty good lickin' to do you much damage. Done any work?" Jim asked, to make conversation.

"Had a good job. 'Bout time for my pay to get hiked too. Was with Ira Construction Company—. Say! What's the matter with you, old man?"

At the mention of this construction outfit Jim Cothran's face blanched beneath the weathered tan, and his hands suddenly gripped the edge of the table until the knuckles showed white. "Oh," he said lamely, "nothing. Thought you said somethin' else. Uh, go on."

"Well, like I was sayin', I had this job on a crew buildin' a bridge, see, and me and some of the fellas went into town last Saturday night. I went by to see Ma—she lives in town now, ever since the old man dropped out of sight—and when I got over to the tavern to meet the fellas, I ran smack into the middle of a fight. Seems like they got kind 'a mixed up over a poker hand and some fella takes a swing at Bert. Bert, he's my buddy. A real swell guy, too, pop. Anyhow, I waded in to help out, see, and about that time the cops come bustin' in. Well, I just sorta forgot myself. I grabbed hold of this oak table that was just settin' there, and I guess I heaved it at'um. One of them cop fellas didn't see it coming. He didn't have a chance. Popped his head open like a dry acorn. Well sir, when I seen that, I figured it

would be pretty hard to explain; so I skidaddled out the back, said good-bye to Ma, and hopped a freight. Been riding rails for two days. And now here I am."

"Well now, what do you know about that. That's a perty tall tale, young fella," Jim said, as he studied the man lying in the bunk. "None o' my business, but reckon you should've run out that way? Without knowing for sure, I mean?"

"Aw, you sound like Ma, old man."

"What you mean by that, son?"

"She's always sayin' do what's right even if it hurts. She's kind of hipped on the subject of findin' out all the facts 'fore you fly off the handl'."

"She sounds like a perty good ma to me, son."

"Sure, she's tops. Best ma a fella could have, I guess. I talk too much."

"You said somethin' 'bout your old man dropping out of sight, son," Jim asked inquiringly.

The young man's eyes rested on Jim for a moment. "No harm in tellin' you, I reckon. Yeah, him and ma was livin' on the job then. Pa was super'ntend'nt on a big dam project and ma used to say things ran like clockwork. Goin' too good, in fact. Anybody in construction knows when a big job goes too good somethin's gonna happen. Well, it did. Say! you listenin', pop?"

"Huh? Oh. Yeah, son, go ahead. No, wait. I'll tell you what. Let me get us some breakfast first, and then you can go on with the story. O.K.?"

"Yes sirree!" The young man grinned. "But say, don't you want to know what happened?"

"Huh? I already know too . . . Uh, that is, uh—," Jim stammered.

"What'd you say, old man?" the pair of clear blue eyes bored into Jim.

"Why, uh I said, uh 'I sure do'." But let's eat some breakfast first."

"Oh. O.K. Sure." The blue eyes shifted to Jim's dog, Andy, which had been sitting near Jim all this time. "Here, boy." Andy looked at Jim, then at the stranger, and back at Jim. Finally he trotted over to the bunk, his tail wagging, and put his front paws up on the bunk. "Atta boy." The young man grinned again. "Swell dog you got, pop."

"Yeah. Andy's a fine dog. Doesn't usually take to other folks much. Him and me get along just fine. Seems to like you, too." Jim stepped to the door. "Gonna get some firewood. Back in a few minutes."

"Right."

Outside, Jim leaned heavily against the cabin wall. Sweat soaked his shirt and stood on his forehead, though the air was crisp. "Can it really be him?" Jim muttered to himself, as he stared off into the sky.

The sun poured gold over the riot of colors that splashed the morning mountains. Down the hill the big spring bubbled cold and clear. Jim waited a long, long time, as if listening for an answer. But the rustle and sigh of dry leaves, disturbed by soft breezes, were the only sounds. Wearily the big man squeezed his eyes shut against hot tears, gathered a small stack of wood, and went back inside.

III

After breakfast was cleared away Jim got his pipe, filled it with fragrant tobacco, lit it, and sat back to listen. "All right, son," he said, "go ahead; I'm listening."

"Uh, pop, where was I? Oh yeah. Well, like I was saying, things was goin' too good. Ma says she didn't say nothin', but Pa knew she knew somethin' was 'bout to bust loose. So, Pa, he goes off to work one morning, and when night comes he don't show up. About seven o'cloc Ma says she hears the whistle. That whistle only blow when somethin' bad's happened down at the job. Righ away Ma's scared sick. She says she jerks on her coat an gets out in the road to flag a ride. Well, Mrs. Kelley hear that whistle too, and seein' as how her husband's materia foreman over at the dam, she hops in her car and come by just in time to get Ma. Mrs. Kelly, she's a good drive see; so they get to the dam real quick. Mr. Kelly is O.K but Pa isn't anywhere around. By askin' everybody over an over, Ma finds out that Pa took over the steel swingin' fo a crane operator 'cause he was sick. But somebody go careless. A twenty-two foot 'I' beam made of solid stee didn't get hooked right. But Pa didn't know. So Pa, h swings that beam, real careful-like, out over the hole, an starts easin' off on the cable. He's got a man out there o the edge of the hole to relay signals about which way t swing that beam; so Pa's watchin' real good. But 'bou halfway down everything busts loose. Somebody hollers, a Pa just sets an' stares at that cable hangin' there wit nothin' on the end of it. Musta' been forty men workin down in the hole when that beam cut loose, they told Ma But everybody was staring down in the hole, they told he and didn't see Pa step down out'a the crane. Nobody that i but me.

"When I heard the whistle, I ran all the way to the dam I wuzn't but 'bout five then, but I'll always remember Pa face. Sick lookin' it was. And kinda grey-like, the way greenhorn's face looks when he's standing on a six-inc beam twenty floors up and looks down for the first time But worse. Lots worse. Pa just stumbled up the path towar the railroad, and we haven't see hide nor hair since."

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A long pause followed when both men were thinking
eir own thoughts. Then Jim said, "What do you know
out your pa, boy?"
"Nothin' much, but I know he was big and strong—well,
e you, old man, and he was real good to me, and Ma
ys everbody loved him. The super'ntend'nt knew him.
id he was a hard man to work for 'cause he expected your
st and no foolishness, but he was so honest and fair
uldn't nobody stay mad at him."
"Does you ma think hard of him 'cause he ran off?" Jim
ked quietly.
"She don't talk about it much, but I know she thinks
ut him. Said once she forgave him long ago anything
might of done."
Jim sat for a long while before speaking again. "When
at leg mends and you'r' 'bout ready to move on, son, I
t somethin' to tell you," he said.
"I think I already know what it is, old man. But just let
tell you what my Pa didn't know for nineteen years.
u see, when that big beam fell from the crane nineteen
ars ago what my Pa didn't wait to find out was that all
em forty fellas down in that hole got out of the way but
e, and he didn't get nothin' worse than a pair of broke
gs. Them legs mended real good and that fella's been my
n boss for six years."
"Well now, that's mighty fine. But what's that got to
—."
"Old man, when you went for wood this morning I talked
Andy a minute or two, 'n then down at the foot of the
nk I happened to see the Bible on that table with your
sses. I was just thum'in through when I chanced on an
l picture of my Ma and a little boy. Standin' behind with
a hand on each one was a great big fella with a shock o'
hair. You." The young man put his hand out to the
grey-headed man standing beside him. "Howdy, Pa," he
said.
With tears streaming down his smiling face, big Jim
Cothran grabbed the hand in front of him. "Howdy, Son."

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I have an almost ravenous desire for books. When I go downtown, I always end up in a book store. I usually spend, however, more time than money in the various book shops in Charlotte. A book must be worth more than its price if I buy it. A book must be the type which will be of interest twenty-five years from now—it must be a contender for a place on the great books' listing before I purchase it. It is interesting to note how my literary hunger has been satisfied since my insatiate desire for books began.

I had no scruples when I was thirteen in saving my allowance—nor do I now—to buy the *Complete Sherlock Holmes*. My desire for this book grew out of my pre-adolescent love for mysteries. I had twenty volumes of the well-known Keene books. Someone told me—or I may have read it—that Sherlock Holmes was the ideal detective whose escapades could be considered classic. The book cost two dollars and fifty-nine cents, but I felt it was worth the money since it held over twelve hundred pages of hair-raising adventures. I was so determined to get that book that I ordered it directly from the publishing house! Much to my sorrow it took the volume three months to arrive. When it finally came, I read and re-read Holmes's solutions —with Watson's help—to the problems at 221 Baker Street.

Then came the time that I forsook Holmes for Copperfield and Twist—also Becky Sharpe and Esmond. My desires were becoming more expensive to satiate. I had also discovered the diary of Pepys and the journal of Boswell. I found out that Shakespeare was still accepted as being good literature. *Richard III* was my first dose of the Bard. (Of course, I had read Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* before this time—I did not understand them.) I fell in love with Sir Walter Scott and adored Archibald Rutledge. I began to count the days until summer vacation when I could read from dawn—I arise early—until after sunset.

When I entered college, I thought my reading repertoire was complete, for I had just finished the story of chaos against God by the blind poet, had paid my respects to a' Becket through the pages of a book, and had also travelled through the Inferno with Virgil. I considered myself a well-read individual. My assumption—even now—astounds me! Well-read indeed! I have only skimmed the surface. I find that I had satisfied my hunger with only an appetizer—the meat was and is yet to come. I have begun saving my money for the gems of Plato, Aristotle, Beothius, Virgil, Homes, the Greek dramatists, and novelists whose works I did not know existed. I realize now that Fielding, Cooper, Poe, Bryant, Wordsworth, and Browning are not as dry as I thought. But then if they almost choke me, I can always wash them down with my two-dollars-and-fifty-nine-cent *Sherlock Holmes*.

DECISION

MARY BRADLEY

This story, which presents a problem from behind the iron curtain, won third prize in the fiction division of the 1953 Writers' Conference at Ridgecrest, North Carolina.

A dark-haired, burly man walked swiftly through the swinging doors under the sign that read in bold black letters "Braga Hospital."

"Doctor, Doctor Kashin," a young nurse called to him from across the big lobby.

"Yes," the man addressed said, his heavy brows drawn in a worried frown.

"Surgery will be ready for you in ten minutes, Doctor Kashin."

"Thank you. I'll be ready." He continued striding across the lobby and down a corridor of the hospital and finally into a cubby-hole of a room. He flipped a light switch, and in a few seconds the fluorescent bulbs blinked on. He closed the door, locked it. The only sound was the perpetual grinding of the electric clock. The red second hand was visibly eating up the seconds, and the hour and minute hands showed the time to be ten minutes until four.

Dr. Kashin closed his eyes and heaved a sigh that shivered through his heavily-built body. He staggered to the middle of the room and fell against his desk, papers stacked high on it. There were medical records, memos from hospital officials, notes and letters from patients, unpaid bills; but there on the very top of the stack he saw again the piece of paper that had for its letterhead a red hammer and sickle—the symbol of the communist party. The glaring emblem struck Doctor Kashin with all the fierce horror that it symbolized. Again he read the letter, barely muttering the words to himself:

"Dr. Kashin:

"We here in the government office are concerned over Comrade Ingle's condition. We realize the seriousness of a brain tumor operation. Moreover, we know that he must have the operation in order to continue his work.

"Much of the success or failure of this lies in your hands; therefore, we send our hopes for success. Comrade Ingle would be a great loss to the Government of the People. We know that you would feel the loss very keenly.

"We will have posted in the operating room several government aides who will report to us immediately the progress and results of the operation.

"Cordially,
Yegor Nikolaitch
Office of the People's Government of Braga"

Yes, the success or failure of the operation rested solely with Dr. Kashin. This would not be an ordinary operation like most of those that he had performed in the thirty years that he had been a surgeon at Braga Hospital. This time he would be looking into the brain of a man who was responsible for the murders of hundreds of innocent people and for the removal of hundreds more to horrible work camps. Dr. Kashin smiled grimly at the thought that he might find something in the brain of this man that caused him to be unceasingly cruel.

The doctor glanced at the clock . . . six minutes and thirty seconds till four. Six minutes and thirty seconds to make his decision. He wondered if there were not one momentous decision in the life of every man—the turning-point—the climax and test of the worth of the life that had

gone before—and the beginning of the life or the death follow. How was a man to decide? Break his oath as doctor? Take the life of one who had killed so many? save the man but be forever after condemned by the sorro of those he tortured?

Fleeting memories passed through Dr. Kashin's mi Once he had seen a man casually walking down the stre obviously minding his own business, when suddenly spotted something in the gutter of the sidewalk. The m said aloud so that all the passersby stopped, "Look, it's American newspaper!" A crowd gathered quickly. The m was shot on the spot for trying to spread false literature.

Then there had been Dr. Kashin's friend and colleag who in the middle of the night had heard someone fra tically pounding on his door. He had gone downstairs a opened the door. There he had found a haggard-looki man. The man had begged him to come to see his w who was screaming with pains in her stomach. The doc had gone with him. When the police had seen lights on the man's house, they had investigated. The doctor, t man, and his wife had been charged with holding a secr unauthorized meeting. The three of them had neither be seen nor heard from since that night.

And then there was the common sight in Braga's stre on Tuesdays and Thursdays—the truck that carted aw people like human cattle. Crying children were torn fr their mothers, husbands were forced to leave their famil destitute—and old people who could not walk were dragg out of their homes.

Dr. Kashin remembered one of his neighbors who h secretly listened to radio broadcasts from free Europe un one night the police had caught him. He had been severe whipped with long, red gashes left across his back; b luckily he had been allowed to return home. He had h no knowledge of who had reported him until he h questioned his ten-year-old son who was a member of communist youth organization. "Yes," the boy had told hi "I reported you, father; and I'll do it again if you listen the broadcasts."

Dr. Kashin looked at the clock again . . . two minutes four. He went over to the lavatory against one of the wh walls and washed his hands to prepare for the operati

He looked at his harrowed reflection in the mirror. H brow was ridged in wrinkles; his mouth was tightly draw straight lines creasing the sides. I am one man, he thoug Man? But am I a man or am I a machine with fear tuni the controls? But yet a man must keep his oath.

He stared at his reflection in the mirror. He saw eyes—those eyes that had seen so much human sufferi They knew a love for people and a compassion for th

orrows. There was no fear in those eyes. They looked raight ahead toward the future, toward a better life, toward an everlasting love among humanity and peace in very heart and thus peace between nation and nation and fellowship in the family and a freedom of spirit.

"Calling Dr. Kashin. Calling Dr. Kashin," the public ddress system interrupted his thoughts. "Calling Dr. Kahin. Report to surgery immediately."

Dr. Kashin strode confidently to the door and flipped off he light. The four white walls of the room receded into he semi-darkness. He opened the door. A streak of light ell across the room, onto the desk, and picked up the laring red of the communist emblem on the letter from egor Nickolaitch. Then the door was closed, and all was ark.

While We Are Young

CHARLENE WARREN

Tears—why?
You sat here on a lonely
Winter's night
And wept.
But now the snows have thawed
And still your heart is cold.

Wait—why?
You waste the precious hours
Of youth
When yet
Hearts heal and in them burn
New love—while we are young.

THE BEACH

(Continued from page 26)

to think of all the things she loved. "I love the beach, too. And all the things that are here."

"Of course you love these people and things that are all around you, that are a part of you. They all mean something to you. And they are the things you should paint, my dear. Paint what you love because that is what you really feel." Nancy couldn't say anything for a moment. Then a look of amazement and understanding came over her face.

"Paint what I love?" she repeated.

"That's right," he said. "It's beginning to rain harder. You'd better hurry home, young lady."

"Yes, I guess I had better," she said, still a little dazed by this new realization.

"Good-bye, Nancy," the tall figure turned and walked away. Nancy watched him slowly disappear in the haze of rain and wondered how he knew her name. The wind whipped open his cape. Nancy saw that his right arm was missing. She gasped as she remembered his words, "I used to paint some myself." He had painted, and he had painted what he loved because that was what he felt.

"Good-bye. and thank you," she called to him. And then she was running down the beach; she was going back. Despite her heavy slicker, she felt as light and as free as the waves that were being tossed up by the wind. The sand was firm under her feet as she ran, and the rain seemed to wash her very soul free from all the restraint she had felt before. The beach stretched out before her. She knew she could go on now, because nothing held her back. She could go on down the beach forever.

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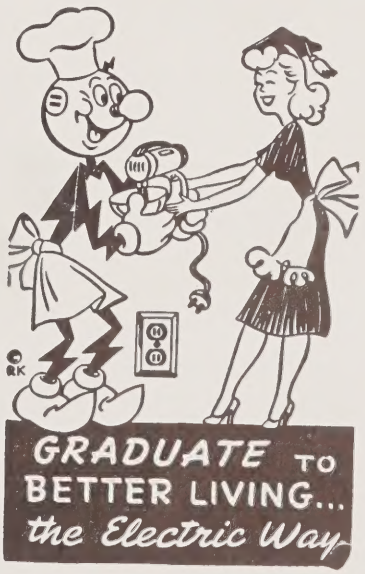

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October In The Fields

Marjorie Blankenship

While the mellowing sunlight abides in the fields,
While the breast of October to man freely yields
Now, a blue autumn heaven, then, half-naked trees
That are warmed by the sun and alive in the breeze,
With the wind in my face, I will quicken my pace
Toward the earth that lies dreaming in nature's embrace.

See the darting green pygmies in jungles of grass
Serenading the thistle and brief as I pass.
Hear the caw of the blackbird, the bee's busy hum
Unaware of the cricket's monotonous strum,
Where October now lies looking up at the skies
With a light in the soul of her deep drowsy eyes.

Far away in the fields I shall sit all alone
With a kingdom surrounding my warm, rocky throne.
And my spirit will rise to commune with the skies
Where battalions of swallows with wild restless cries
Are all that intrude in this rare solitude,
Save the dream of existence that fashions my mood.

Near the dark woodland trails, near the whispering pine,
To the greatness of God I'll establish a shrine.
There's a psalm in my heart as before it I kneel:
Oh, refresh my tired thoughts, free the heart that must feel,
In the boundless dry sod, in the wild golden rod
The great pulse of her soul and the strength of her God.

South Dorm—7-10 p.m.

Mary McLaney

The seven o'clock bell has finally rung. After one final scream, the girls all run to their rooms to begin the arduous task of studying for tomorrow's lessons. All is quiet for a time in South Dorm. Then the long distance phone rings, and the girl on phone duty runs down the hall. Footsteps come back up the hall bringing with them excited whispers and squeals.

"It's John!"

"Oooo! All the way from Atlanta!"

The dorm is quiet again; then, the house phone rings.

"Hello. Just a minute." The girl knocks on the door of our suite. "For you, Davy-Jo."

"Me? Thanks. Hello. Hi, Marjory. No, I haven't. Oh, was it? I'll try. Okay. Yeah. 'Bye."

Quiet reigns again for a few minutes. Someone upstairs starts their bath water, and someone else begins to type. The rhythmic click, click, clickety-click sounds through the radiator pipes. Amanda comes in from the library.

"Want anything from the store?"

"Oh, I sure do! Would you bring me a coke? Here's a nickle."

From eight thirty until quarter to nine is social hour in the suite, but studying must continue. Betty goes to the typewriter. Her typing and the typing from upstairs are not in rhythm. The phone rings again, and there is the clink of depositing money. The people next door are evidently having an argument or maybe they are playing a basketball game. Anyway, Betty goes over to quiet them.

The ten o'clock bell rings. There is a sudden burst of noise from the freed freshmen. Doors are flung open, girls shout and run down the hall, stampings sound from the stairway, and the phone rings wildly.

"Shaddup! I can't hear a word!"

Everyone then troops to the store except for a few diligent students. They come into our room. "Explain this to me." "How do you do this?" "How do you punctuate this sentence?" "What's the theme of this short story?" "Are Miss Taylor's tests very hard?"

After the intellectual curiosity of the freshmen has been satisfied slightly on these counts, our suite begins the evening ritual. Hair is "screwed up," assignments discussed and mourned over, baths are taken and by eleven we are ready for bed. At eleven, however, the suite above us comes to life. Thumpings, thuddings, and assorted bumpings come from above. Maybe they have decided to rearrange the furniture. Anyway, we are too tired to get the broom out of the closet to tap on the ceiling. When the eleven o'clock bell rings, we are ready to sleep.

Philosophy

Kathryn Rogers

Bless the stoic's silent grace!
He looks at life with solemn face.
He does not smile, nor does he shout.
He never lets his feelings out.
He grits his teeth, and thus through life
He bears the trials of joy and strife.

Salute the one who likes to think
That all in life is food and drink;
The merry one who knows no sorrow
For fear he may be dead tomorrow.
This thought of Epicureanism
Contains a bit of witticism!

The hedonistic thoughts of time
Can lead a man to deeds of crime.
He wants his pleasure here and now;
To future aims he does not bow.
The sad result of this illusion
Is ultimately disillusion.

The pessimistic view of life
Is merely that of pain and strife.
The evils of the world are great,
For such has been the hand of fate;
Or, as the pessimists would say,
"The world is doomed; it's made that way."

But there is one thought to revere
Of taking *good* from each idea.
And using that as best we can
To please our God and fellowman.
This concept of eclecticism
Calls forth the least of skepticism.